

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE EFFECT AND THE TRUE CAUSE.

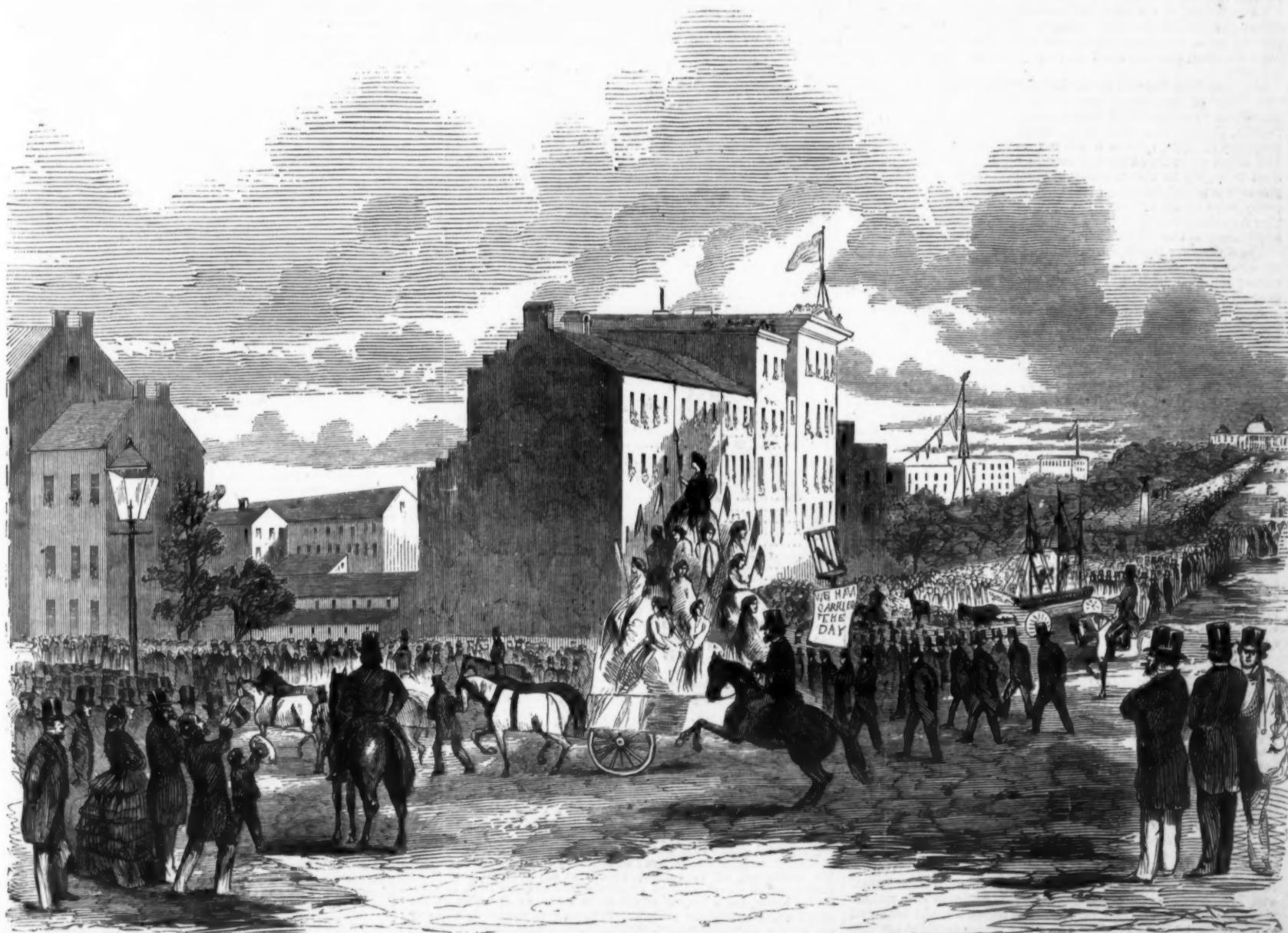
MANY of the Southern papers come to us with articles headed "Insurrection among the slaves," and similar startling announcements, and we see in some of our Northern papers that these several articles are portentously strung together, and to the superficial reader are calculated to create considerable alarm. We profess to know well the character of the African race, and we doubt whether there has ever been a really concocted insurrection in this country among the slaves. Upon reading these "paragraphs" relating to the present supposed excitement existing in some of the slave States, we find that not a single *overt act* on the part of the servile population is mentioned; upon suspicion entirely is this excitement founded, increased, perhaps, by some individual runaway negro resisting, when suddenly met by his pursuers or others, and which resistance would not be noticed beyond a limited circle, except in the community at large there exists a feverish excitement. Enough uneasiness among the slaves in some parts of the country, however, is exhibited to satisfy all who take the trouble to examine the subject, that elements are for the moment at work which deserve a passing notice. The Southern papers say that the evils complained of result from the abolition excitement at the North, and, if this were directly the case, we should feel disposed to condemn the cause as much as any of our Southern friends can; but we believe that the anti-slavery agitation of the Free States is only an

indirect cause, and the fault is essentially with the people of the South themselves. To those who have observed the periodical agitations among the negroes, it is noticeable, that they always come immediately after a Presidential election, and at no other time. Now it is perfectly ridiculous to say that avowed and heartfelt Abolitionists live in Tennessee, Alabama, Louisiana, or anywhere in the more extreme Southern States. The slaves cannot read, they have no orators among themselves, and they are generally peacefully disposed, and, by nature, incapable of any combined action. But some of the Southern States in their extreme points have become excited; alarm undoubtedly exists in the minds of the masters, and feverish and unpleasant anxiety prevails. What has produced these unhappy results? our answer is, anti-slavery agitation on the Southern stump in each succeeding Presidential campaign.

In the struggle just concluded, there was no Free-soil candidate in the Southern States, Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Fillmore stood upon equally Conservative grounds, both were pledged to sustain the most liberal construction of the Constitution, and no intelligent Southern man living believed, or believes, that the rights of the South would have been invaded by elevation to the Presidency of either one of these distinguished gentlemen; consequently, in the South the discussion could have been carried on without bitterness or recrimination so far as the peculiar institution was concerned. But while this is true of the Presiden-

tial contest just ended, it was more especially true of the times when Polk ran against Clay, and Pierce against Scott, and yet in the South, in the struggle between these champions, the Southern stump orators and Southern papers, and Southern men in their streets and fireside conversations, with few exceptions, made slavery and anti-slavery the leading subject of discussion, and partisans on both sides vied with each other to see which could make out their opponents, Buchanan and Fillmore, the hottest and fiercest Abolitionists.

In the South the stump is the great medium of communicating with the people. It is in the gatherings of the planters and villagers at the hustings that all political discussions are really carried on. These gatherings are necessarily connected with some manual labor, which consequently bring a large number of negroes on the ground, generally the most intelligent of the community, carriage drivers, body servants, huxters and others, the intelligence of whom is above the field hand and common house servant. These negroes by imitation are generally great politicians, and remember all they hear in the speeches made. In looking over their experience, they find that Whigs and Democrats alike dwell upon Abolitionism as a theme of constant discussion. They find that all speakers in the heat of oratory represent some party as deeply interested in negro emancipation, and the Abolition sentiment and its intention and power are exaggerated; thus these slave listeners become imbued with false notions an



GREAT DEMOCRATIC CELEBRATION, WASHINGTON CITY, D. C. FROM A DRAWING BY GEO. R. WEST.

DEC. 27, 1856.

false ideas—around the cabin fire they dwell upon what they hear, and draw Utopian pictures of coming times, when they shall be permitted to live in idleness and with impunity starve. Here is the real secret of the discontented feeling existing in the South, and it is through this channel alone, or almost wholly so, that pernicious doctrines reach them.

GREAT DEMOCRATIC CELEBRATION AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE great political victory obtained by the Democracy in the election of Mr. Buchanan to the Presidency has been celebrated with more or less splendor and enthusiasm in all of our great cities throughout the Union. Nowhere, perhaps, was there more real feeling shown than at Washington City, where the *employes* of the Government participated in the demonstration. Our engraving will give a very good idea of the affair, which it is agreed was one of the finest displays certainly ever seen at the national capital, and only surpassed by "special efforts" in our largest cities. One of the most prominent and most beautiful objects in the procession was a pyramidal car, drawn by ten white horses, supporting a number of beautiful ladies, representing the different States of the Confederacy. There were also many political satires, allowable for the occasion, but which, now that the excitement of the contest is over, seem rather dull. Among these essays was a crowd in confinement, representing black republicanism caged, and a "woolly horse" drawing the defeated Presidential candidates up "Salt River." "Old Buck" was also represented in full horns and "fall rig." It is a fortunate thing that we can all, no matter of what party, look upon these picturesque exhibitions with no feeling of bitterness. To-day it is the good fortune of the Democracy to sound forth their pens of victory, and the "Opposition" will have its processions, displays and excitement; such are the materials of which our political history is composed—showing that, in spite of party bitterness, at the foundation of our character all is good nature and practical sense.

LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

Switzerland holds good her determination to assert the independence of the Canton or Neufchatel from Prussian control. From England the report is, that business has greatly improved, and the financial crisis is thought to be over. The bank, however, has not yet reduced the rate of discount. The French Government is said to be considering the propriety of making gold the standard of the circulation. The British expedition against Herat is about to sail. With regard to Spanish affairs, some interesting speculations are given in the British journals.

From Australia the dates are, Melbourne 8th, and Sydney 11th September. Nothing of interest had transpired since our last advices. A vessel from England—the first—had discharged her cargo with ease at the new railroad wharf at Hobson's Bay. There was much speculation in the flour market, which gave rise to considerable agitation, but the price of the article had not advanced.

We have Valparaiso dates to the 31st of October, and Callao to the 11th November. In Chili the mining and commercial prospects were flattering. The public schools and higher colleges were being encouraged. Some wholesome regulations with respect to the conduct of naval men in the harbor of Valparaiso had been adopted by government. Peru had suffered from another revolution, directed by Echique and Castillo.

Our advices from Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, are to the 11th of October. Their Majesties were expected to return to Honolulu in the following week. Mr. Nahum M. Mitchell, late of Boston, Mass., died at Honolulu on the 7th of October.

We have Kingston, Jamaica, papers to the 27th ult. They contain nothing of interest.

Captain Sint, of the bark Montezuma, arrived from Demarara, reports the bark Amazon as having sailed previous to the 20th of November for Baltimore, having on board nine French refugees from Cayenne, the Governor having paid their passage, at \$25 per head.

Our files from Panama are to the 4th of December. They contain little of importance concerning New Granadian affairs. An official correspondence had taken place between Hon. J. H. Bowlin, United States Minister in Bogota, and Sr. Lino de Pombo, Secretary of State, relative to the tax lately imposed by the New Granadian government on mail matter crossing the Isthmus. A shed belonging to the railroad company, in which a quantity of grease was stored, had been destroyed by fire. There had been heavy rains on the Isthmus, but they had occasioned no damage. The American vessels of war at Panama joined in celebrating the anniversary of the independence of New Granada.

The difficulties between Spain and Mexico are to be referred to an arbitrator, Louis Napoleon probably. Mexican affairs are almost indecipherable, but the revolution seems to be gaining ground.

An Havana correspondent announces that a project is on foot for introducing African apprentices from the Spanish island of Fernando Po, near the mouth of the Niger. This is only another name for re-opening the slave trade. Fernando Po has no inhabitants to draw from; but if the importation of negroes under any name is legalized, it will be an easy matter for a slaver to touch at that island and secure a clearance for her cargo of black apprentices. The high prices now ruling in the Cuban slave markets—prices which are almost equal to those secured by Virginia breeders—and which have raised the advance money on coolies to \$350 per head, have caused this movement. Correspondents at Havana, state that a very delicate question of law—the issue of which may seriously effect the peace of the island—had arisen between the slave owners and their slaves, as to the real value of a man wishing to free himself by the payment of "head money" in instalments. The usage is that the value is fixed by arbitration, before the first payment, and when so fixed is to remain undisturbed by any fluctuations of price in the market. The owners now wish to break through this custom and demand the value ruling in the market when the last instalment is due. The Judges will have to decide the case, and it is thought that if the interest of the slaves suffer, some bad consequences may ensue.

DOMESTIC.

We have San Francisco advices to the afternoon of the 20th of November. The intelligence from California is unimportant. The result of the vote of the State on the Presidential question was announced, by which it appears that Buchanan has a clear majority over both the other candidates. The Legislature will stand: in the Senate, 18 democrats, 12 Americans, and 3 republicans, and in the Assembly there will be a democratic majority over all of 21. Two United States Senators are to be chosen by the Legislature this winter; and among the most prominent candidates for those distinguished offices we find mentioned J. V. Denver, John B. Weller, William M. Gwin, B. F. Washington, John Bigler, David C. Broderick, James A. McDougall, J. W. McCorkle, Peter Lott, Milton S. Latham, C. H. Bryan, and T. J. Henley. The steamer brought upwards of a million and a half in treasure, and her specie list shows a slight falling off as compared with the totals of the two or three previous arrivals. The markets were unchanged.

NAVY.

THERE is comparatively little doing, at present, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The Niagara, which is now the great object of attraction to all visitors, is being completed in her internal arrangements as fast as possible; her boilers and machinery are in a state of forwardness, and, with the woodwork between decks, will be completed before spring. The twelve heavy Paixhan guns, for which carriages are being now prepared upon her decks, are lying near the frigate, and are objects of curiosity to all who have never seen "big guns." There are four, which are nine inches in diameter of bore, ranging in weight from 9,176 to 9,251 pounds; three, ten inches in bore, weighing from 15,777 to 15,902 pounds. The carriages are so arranged as to allow of full play to each gun, and can be turned instantly in any desired direction. She has three separate engines and boilers, which can be worked singly or together as occasion may require. Their combined power is about one thousand horse. The shaft of her propeller is 120 feet in length, and the propeller alone weighs 31,000 pounds. It is so arranged as to be easily elevated by machinery clear of the water when it is not needed. There was an alarm the other day, that the Niagara was on fire in the hold. A stream of water was poured in which almost immediately quenched the fire, and it was ascertained that no material damage had been done. It appears that a workman accidentally dropped a red hot bolt under the boiler where it was out of reach, and the bolt set on fire some shavings or oakum which had not yet been cleared away.

The sloop-of-war Falmouth is fitting for the Brazil station, to relieve the Jamestown, which has lately returned. The brig Savannah, just returned from Brazil, is also lying at the Navy Yard; and steamer Vixen is fitting for the Coast Survey.

The U. S. sloop-of-war Saratoga, of the home squadron, arrived at Norfolk, late of the United States Navy, (one of the victims of the late Naval Board,) has received from the President an appointment as lieutenant in the United States revenue service.

The U. S. sloop-of-war Germantown sailed from Montevideo for Rio Janeiro Oct. 24, officers and crew all well.

The U. S. frigate Independence and sloop-of-war St. Mary's were lying off Panama at last accounts.

The U. S. sloop-of-war Cyane arrived at Aspinwall Nov. 29.

OBITUARY.

HON. SETH SPRAGUE, of Boston, died recently in that city. Mr. Sprague was a whig of the old school, and was a warm personal friend of the great statesman, Daniel Webster. He welcomed Mr. Webster home at the time of the reception given him by his friends and neighbors of Marshfield and its vicinity, a few months before Mr. Webster's death. Mr. Sprague was brother of Judge Sprague, of the U. S. District Court in this city. His age was 69.

The Georgia papers record the death, in Dooly county, in that State, of Mr. Joseph Calhoun, at the age of one hundred years and ten months! He was a native of Edgecomb, N. C. He saw both the beginning and close of the Revolutionary war, in which he participated. He was under the command of General Gaster, at the battle of Camden, and fought under General Greene, at Guilford, C. H.

JAMES HERRON, recently appointed Civil Engineer of the Pensacola Navy Yard, died at Warrington, Florida, on the morning of the 2d of December.

CITY MORTALITY.—The City Inspector reports 442 deaths for the past week, being an increase of 45, compared with the mortality of the week previous. The increase is to be attributed mainly to consumption and other lung complaints, and diseases of the brain and nerves. The scarlet fever is making sad havoc among children, not only in this city but elsewhere. The following is a comparison of the number of deaths for the past two weeks:

	Men.	Women.	Boys.	Girls.	Total.
Week ending Dec. 6 -	66	78	142	128	397
Week ending Dec. 13 -	76	79	155	132	442

FINANCIAL.

THE stock market exhibits signs of great weakness. The tendency of prices is downward, and the largest holders are the freest sellers. The market has for some time been sustained by the greatest efforts and at great cost. The continued stringency in the money market, and the features of the bank statement which were not considered favorable, caused a general decline in the stock market, the supply of cash stock being considerably beyond the demand. There was, however, considerable disposition to take buyers' options, and at differences larger than usual, while sellers options were not pressed on the market. The downward movement appears to be mainly the result of the difficulty of carrying cash stock which forces weak bulls to throw them on the market. The Erie statement had also some effect in depressing that stock, especially the idea that there might possibly be a creation of preferred stock.

The figures of the bank statement, as compared with last week, are as follows:

	Loans & Dis.	Specie.	Circulation.	Deposits.
Dec. 6.....	\$100,898,534	12,278,347	\$6,711,758	91,698,784
Dec. 13.....	105,936,686	*10,832,543	8,516,854	89,590,630
Decrease.....		\$1,445,804	\$154,904	\$2,108,103

REVENUES OF THE UNITED STATES TREASURY—TEN YEARS.

	All Sources	Customs.	Loans incl.	Expenditures.
1847.....	\$23,747,864	\$65,338,168	\$60,520,851	
1848.....	31,767,070	56,992,479	60,655,143	
1849.....	28,346,735	59,796,892	56,386,422	
1850.....	59,668,686	47,649,388	44,603,718	
1851.....	49,017,567	52,762,704	48,476,104	
1852.....	47,359,326	49,893,115	46,712,601	
1853.....	58,931,865	61,500,102	54,577,061	
1854.....	64,224,190	73,902,291	75,473,119	
1855.....	53,026,794	66,331,374	66,398,733	
1856.....	64,022,863	74,056,890	73,185,644	

The land revenues, during the foregoing period, and which are included in the total from all sources, were:

In 1847.....	\$2,498,355	In 1852.....	\$2,043,239
In 1848.....	3,328,642	In 1853.....	1,667,084
In 1849.....	1,688,959	In 1854.....	8,470,796
In 1850.....	1,859,894	In 1855.....	11,497,049
In 1851.....	2,552,303	In 1856.....	8,917,644

CONGRESSIONAL.

THE proceedings of the Senate have not been marked by any acts of general interest or public importance. The time has been mainly frittered away by Senators defining their positions on the "nigger" question. *O tempora! O mores!* In the House the same fruitless discussion has monopolized the time that should be devoted to the public interests. Two things else have been done, however, that are worthy of note. A bill has been introduced repealing the duty on sugar, in terms very nearly similar to our leading editorial, last week, on this subject. The re-opening of the African slave trade has received an effectual quietus for the present. Mr. Etheridge, of Tennessee, submitted a resolution, that "the House regard all suggestions or propositions of every kind, by whosoever made, for a revival of the slave trade, as shocking to the moral sentiments of the enlightened portion of mankind, and any act on the part of Congress, legislative, or conniving, or legalizing that horrid and inhuman traffic, would justly subject the United

States to the reproach and execration of all civilized and Christian people throughout the world." Objection being made to its introduction, Mr. Etheridge moved a suspension of the rules. The yeas and nays being demanded—after an unsuccessful effort by Mr. Orr, of South Carolina, to substitute simply, "It is inexpedient, unwise, and contrary to the policy of the United States to repeal the laws prohibiting the African Slave trade"—they were taken, and resulted in yeas 140, nays 53. So the rules were suspended, and the resolution was then adopted by 95 majority. Subsequently Mr. Orr's resolution was agreed to, only eight voting in the negative.

MUSIC.

ENGLISH OPERA AT NIBLO'S GARDEN.—The Pyne and Harrison Opera Company appeared at this establishment after an absence of many months. The occasion was signalized by the production of an opera entirely new to New York. It is an English translation of a French opera, the libretto by M. de St. Georges, and the music by Hailey. The English adaptation is more than usually barbarous. Works of this kind are always got up on the cheap and nasty plan; instead of entrusting such labor to persons musically competent, any cheap literary hack is employed, and the result is that nine out of every ten phrases are so constructed as to come wrong on every emphatic measure, and phrasing or musical elocution is out of the question, excepting as a specimen of the ridiculous. This is to be regretted, for a good translation is, at best, weak, while a poor one is intolerable beyond expression. The plot of the opera is rather interesting, turning upon the love and fortune of an orphan girl, who is tempted to commit a crime in order to save her lover from the conscription. Miss Louisa Pyne was, of course, the Orphan Girl, and most charmingly did she play it. She was natural, unaffected, and displayed more feeling than we ever saw her throw into her acting. She sang deliciously; her voice is as fresh and melodious as ever; her execution has lost none of its brilliancy, and she is altogether the most delicious little singer we ever listened to. She was most cordially received, warmly applauded, and repeatedly called before the curtain to receive the congratulations of her friends—the public. Mr. Harrison sang better than usual, and displayed more feeling than we ever saw her throw into her acting. 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York," which is now in its fourth week, have been performed every evening during the present week. The attendance has been uniformly excellent, and there can be no doubt remaining as to the permanent success of Laura Keene's theatre. From the opening night to the present date the house has been crowded every night, and the enterprise must be profitable in the highest degree.

BUCKLEY'S SIEUADRESSES.—The romantic and charming opera of "Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper," produced by the Buckleys with great care and expense, continues to be very successful and very attractive. It is indeed most excellently well performed, the singing being of a quality so good as scarcely to be expected at such an establishment. But so it is, and to it must be attributed the large and steady patronage which the public has bestowed upon the Buckleys for a series of years. Their original specialty, negro minstrelsy, is by no means slighted for music of a more ambitious character; on the contrary, it is only condensed into a smaller space and made more intensely humorous and funny.

ITEMS OF ALL SORTS.

A BASSO IN A TIGHT PLACE.—The corpulent *basso profundo* of the La Grange Opera troupe left with the party (some sixty in number) in the Cahawa yesterday for Havana, where they are engaged for six weeks. The basso, however, it seems, had a narrow escape from the Sheriff's officers, who were provided with writs against him, at the suit of several creditors, as an absconding debtor. The *Herald* states that they were waiting for him on Thursday night after the performance, but Maretzki smuggled him out by a secret way, and concealed him during the night. Yesterday morning early he was conveyed to the steamer in a close carriage, and locked up by the director. The officer searched the vessel thoroughly, but failed to discover the delinquent, who was consoling himself for the temporary deprivation of liberty, with a bottle of claret.—We hear of two or three parties who are negotiating for a lease of the Academy of Music, for the purpose of getting up an impromptu Opera Company after the departure of the La Grange troupe. But nothing yet is definitely settled. There is material enough floating about, including Angri, Parodi, Madame Strakosch, Patana, &c., to make a respectable show.—The National Theatre was opened last evening at the usual time, not for the performances as set forth in the bills of the day, some of the actors and actresses refusing to play therein, until they had rehearsed a comedy familiar to the patrons and employees of the establishment, excepting "How to Raise the Wind, or Pay our Salaries," which play being rehearsed, the doors were closed at an early hour. In other words, the theatre was closed for want of "material aid."—*Boston Journal*, 9th.—Mr. George Vanderhoff is giving weekly entertainments at the Hall of the Mercantile Library in Boston, a la Albert Smith.—Miss Laura Keene has several new pieces, and among them a one act comedy adapted from the French by Mr. Charles M'Laghlin. Mr. Brougham intends to bring out "King John" as a holiday piece, and has been preparing the scenery and appointments for it during the last three months.—Rossini's *Last*!—Here is another extract from the continental journals, that put the fool's cap on all previous stupid extracts: "Rossini, talking of the *Opéra Casse-Voix*, said, 'Look at Verdi! His operas are known to crack voices as easily as a squirrel cracks nuts. One season of his *répertoire* will take the edge off the finest voice in the world—his music eats into it like rust. And you will see with Grisi, if she sings much in Verdi's music, that her voice even will become quite Verdi-Grisi!'"—The Ravelles are crowding the Walnut every night. "Self" after a very good run at the Arch, has given place to Shakespearian plays.—The following extract of a letter, dated at Paris on the ninth of November, is from the pen of the eldest son of the late Edward Seguin, a promising young American artist, who has received musical instruction at the best schools abroad: "My departure to Florence has been delayed in consequence of Mr. Pauson advising me, by all means, to sing as his pupil at the Conservatoire examination. There were ninety aspirants, ten of whom were to be chosen out of that number. We had to be judged by Auber, Halévy, Ambroise Thomas, Carafa, etc., etc.; and you will, I am sure, be pleased to hear that I sang a song from 'L'Étoile du Nord,' a trio from 'G. Tell,' etc., with great success; was highly complimented by the professors, and was elected an 'Élève du Conservatoire Imp. de Musique Paris!'" I was afraid, on account of being an American, that I should not get it; but Auber, Halevy, etc., expressed themselves greatly pleased with me, and the next thing I hope to inform you of will be my first appearance in opera. I have had the pleasure of singing with Miss May, who leaves here on the nineteenth."—*ST. LOUIS*.—Mrs. Fanny Kemble commenced a series of Shakespearian readings here with the "Tempest," on the 10th. Mr. John Owens and Miss Crampton were playing at the People's theatre.—Lola Montez returns to the Atlantic States from California. A California paper says: "Madame Lola Montez will leave to-day in the Orizaba, for New York. Since her departure from New York she has been to Australia, where she met with remarkable success, and has drawn houses in California, both before her departure and after her return, such as few artists who have visited us have done. She goes to New York, we learn, for the especial purpose of providing for the education and care of the children of her former agent, Mr. Folland, who was drowned on the passage from Australia. It will be remembered that her beautiful collection of jewelry was recently sold at auction, the proceeds of which were to be devoted to this purpose. Buffalo.—Parodi and Strakosch give a concert here this evening, returning from a very successful Western tour."

STAGE STRUCK.—The *Herald* mentioned the fact a few days ago, that a married lady living in elegant style in the vicinity of Madison Square had become so smitten with the stage that no arguments could restrain her from appearing before the "foot-lights," and that she was about to make her *début* in the city of Buffalo. This lady is the wife of a young lawyer in this city, and her origin, education and history are somewhat romantic. She is said to possess fine dramatic powers, which have been well cultivated, and her friends predict her triumphant success. We don't know as there is any harm in stating that the name of this new aspirant for histronic honors is Mrs. Mac Mahon. **CINCINNATI.**—Miss Kimberly had a benefit at the National, playing "Pauline" and "The Actress of Padua," supported by J. J. Prior as "Horace" and "Angelo." The Keller troupe, at the People's, had brought out a new piece, "Christiane."—Mr. Stuart, of Wallack's Theatre, has a comedy by Mr. O'Brien, and a holiday piece by Mr. Charles Walcott.—The youngest daughter of the celebrated composer, Meyerbeer, has been betrothed to the Baron de Koff, a lieutenant in the regiment of the Dragoons of the Guard of Prussia.—Thalberg's concert for the school children in Philadelphia, on Saturday, was a success as great as his similar enterprise in New York. Mme. D'Angri sang "Yankee Doodle" again.

THE BLACK SABLES.

MESSRS. EDITORS: I have a good story to tell you, and you must read me privately to the end, in order that you too may enjoy what has made my poor sides ache with laughter, as they have not done for many a day. You remember that pretty little Mrs. L., whom you met here one day last summer. Did I, or did I not tell you what a perfect witch she is, and how she contrives to twist her husband and everybody around her finger almost without an effort? Well, she came dancing in yesterday morning, wearing the most superb set of sables—they must have cost a little fortune. No one but myself would have seen them, for the bright face above them was radiant with beauty and gladness, and would have riveted the gaze of the coldest cynic in creation. But I have been persecuting T. for a set of Genin's ermines, and of course my eye fell at once upon the sables, and I exclaimed—"You extravagant creature! Where did you get them?"

"Extravagant?" said she—"not bit of him. Where did I get them? My husband, of course. See what beauties they are! They must have cost an immensity—poor fellow! But then he had to do it."

"Because you fascinated him?" said I.

"No, indeed, I won them on election."

"On the election! How? you havn't, certainly, been betting on Buchanan?"

"Not I—I wouldn't have bet a pin on him, though they say he has gained the day. I'll tell you all about it—but first let me get off this from my neck—your parlor's like an oven."

So saying, she pitched her cape at the cat, and laughing to see how the creature's back rose at the insult, began thus: "You know how George and I have fought about this election—he for Fillmore and I for Fremont—and how many times he has tried to silence me, by saying that 'women know nothing of politics,' which, by the way, I don't, in the least, believe. Do look at the cat!"

"Never mind the cat—go on with your story."

"Yes, certainly—where was I? O, yes. Well, as I said, we did everything but devour each other. It was such a mortification to me to have him vote for one who would 'stoop to conquer,' as Fillmore has done. So one day I said—well, I shan't let you vote. I shall keep you at home. He laughed heartily, and replied—

"That's more than you can do, my dear."

"Will you give me leave to try?"

"Yes, and more. I'll promise you a set of sables, if I don't cast my vote for Fillmore on the fourth of November."

"Honestly and truly?"

"He promised—yes. That was two weeks before election—just look at the cat—here, puss, puss." It was plain that she never would get through her story while the cat remained in the room, so I picked up pussy, without saying a word, and put her out.

"That means go bn, I suppose," laughed Sophie. "Well, as I said before, this was two weeks before the fourth, and from that time I didn't open my lips to George upon the subject. The next day the T.'s came to make us a visit, and our time was so completely occupied with catering for their amusement that the election was

scarcely alluded to, and as for the bet—why, it seemed quite forgotten. But you may be sure that my brain was busy enough, revolving ways and means to win the sables. I whispered the secret to the T.'s, who entered into my feelings entirely—and no wonder, for one of them has no furs at all, and the other carries a muff, which she declares is seven generations old. We concluded to invite company for Monday evening, and so on the morning of that day we drove around among our sympathizing—that is, our *Fremont*-friends and neighbors, and gathered up as many as we could get at conveniently. In the evening we mustered twenty, ourselves included, all on tip-toe to dance till morning, if necessary, to the success of our plans. George, who dearly loved merry-making, was delighted at the prospect of a romp, though he wished I had deferred it till after the election, when it would serve as a celebration of the approaching Fillmore victory."

Here I interrupted Sophie, to tell her how ridiculous such an idea was, and I added that I thought her husband knew better. She flew at me in a minute.

"There, now—don't laugh at my husband—that's my privilege alone, madam."

I was still as a mouse, and she went on.

"But to make a long story and a long night short as possible, we danced till four o'clock in the morning, when I told George that if he wanted to be in town early he had better retire. He took the hint, and, before many minutes was sleeping like a top. I crept up to his room and quietly closed the shutters outside and in—drawing down the curtains till it was dark as Erebus. Believe it or not, as you please—the creature slept till four in the afternoon! We kept the house as quiet as possible, and about 5 o'clock I had the table set as if for breakfast, and went up to call him. He yawned and asked the time. "Quite late," I said, and added, "do come down soon, for the girls and I are hungry." Ere long he made his appearance in the breakfast room, bowing "good morning" all round—we meantime trying our best to look demure as so many nuns. I poured out his coffee, which he was quite witty over, declaring, as he handed his cup to have it replenished, that it was *Fill-more coffee* to a certainty: upon which we screamed with laughter, glad of any excuse to give vent to our pent-up amusement. It grew darker and darker, till finally we could scarcely see. George rose, and walking to the window said he thought we should have a severe storm. Then he called us to look "what a strange light there was in the west." Now, I had never thought of the sun, and, if I had, I couldn't have kept it from setting, you know; so I marvelled, and wondered, and suggested somebody's barn on fire, or some other body's hay stack—anything that would keep him loitering and gazing to pass away time. We watched the light till it faded away, and just as George turned from the window, saying that he had never known so dark a day, the door opened, and little Harry came bounding in. He ran to his father, and put up his lips for a kiss, saying:

"Dood night, papa."

"Dood morning, you mean, little fellow," said George, laughing. "No, no, dood night," persisted the child, "nursy put Harry to bed."

A light broke in upon my husband's brain. He turned, and seizing me by both hands, said:

"It is true, Sophie?"

"You've seen the sun set," I replied, "now you owe me a set of sables."

You never saw a man so utterly discomfited as George. It was quite too late for him to attempt to reach town before the closing of the polls. I felt so sorry for his disappointment, that I wished in my heart all the sables were in the Red Sea, and the tears filled my eyes in spite of me. He saw what was passing in my mind, and drawing me to him, kissed me—before them all, too, I was so ashamed!

"Never mind, Sophie," said he, "it's all fair and square; you've won honestly, and, I must say admirably too."

The next day he brought me these sables, which are really superb—just feel that cuff.

"Yes, I see; but didn't he ask you how you made him sleep so long?"

"Certainly he did."

"And what did you tell him?"

"That I put morphene into his chicken salad!"

A REMARKABLE TRAGEDY—TWO MEN KILLED.

THE ROCHESTER AMERICAN has the following remarkable statement, contained in a letter from Monmouth, Warren county, Ill., under date of Dec. 12:

A bloody tragedy was performed at the Baldwin House, in this city, this afternoon. I was conversing with a gentleman in Dr. Thayer's drug store, about two o'clock, when the terrible cry of murder was heard, and we all started out to discover the cause. We were soon directed by the throng of people to the above-named hotel, distant only a few yards, and there, writhing in their blood, lay the victims of the most sanguinary, single-hand conflict it has been my lot to witness. It is impossible to describe the horror depicted on the visages of that throng of spectators called there at a moment's warning. The circumstances are as follows: A Mr. Fleming, an elderly gentleman, and two sons about 25 to 28 years of age, had called upon a Mr. Crosier, at his rooms at the Baldwin House, armed each with a loaded pistol, to coerce the latter gentleman into a concession and retraction of a calumny affecting their daughter and sister, with which they charged Mr. C. Mr. C., after some pretty warm language had passed between the parties, agreed to and did sign a retraction in the presence of a friend whom the Messrs. Fleming had brought with them.

Immediately after delivering the paper into the possession of their friend, the Messrs. F., or one of the brothers, says to Mr. C., "I am now going to cowhide you," and one of the boys holding a cocked pistol to his head, directed the other to inflict the threatened punishment, which he immediately commenced. He had struck three or four blows, when C. pulled a dirk-knife from a side pocket, and passing at the same time his left arm around the neck of the one who plied the lash, stabbed him in the left breast, and as quick as thought, withdrew the knife, and struck the one who held the pistol a back-handed blow which reached, as did the first, to the heart of his victim.

Both brothers received their death wounds in less than two seconds, and were both bloody corpses in three minutes after they were struck. The old man had gone out into the hall and locked the door and stood upon the outside with a pistol to keep out assistance. The affair has created an immense excitement here, I assure you. The young man Crosier is under arrest, having surrendered himself into custody, and is to undergo an examination to-morrow.

The sympathies of the people are mostly with Crosier. He acts and looks the picture of despair. He is young man, some 27 to 30 years old, and unmarried. He is said to have been engaged to the lady in question, who is at present out of the State. The other parties were respectable farmers, and two of them, I understand, members of the church in good standing.

THE GREAT SHOOTING MATCH with pistols for \$1,000 came off last week at Academy Hall, between Mr. John Travis and Mr. Samuel Suydam. The large building was filled with the fancy men of the city. The number of shots allotted to the competitors was forty each. Mr. J. Travis led off with the first twenty shots, and lost one by not firing at the word, the others hit the target, which was a full length figure of a man, and not the usual bull's-eye. Mr. S. Suydam lodged nineteen shots in the target, and one outside. Mr. Travis in his second round lodged the whole of the twenty in the target, making thirty-nine. Suydam in his second round missed the target on his fifth shot, and gave up the contest. Travis was the favorite from the start.

A CLERGYMAN, travelling in a stage coach, was asked by one of the passengers if he thought pious heathens would go to Heaven. "Sir," said the clergyman, "I am not appointed judge of the world, and consequently cannot tell; but if you get to Heaven, you shall either find them there, or a good reason why they are not."

A COTEMPORARY describing a dance at a village in the neighborhood, said: "The gorgeous strings of glass beads glistened on the heaving bosoms of the village belles like polished rubies on the delicate surface of warm apple-dumplings."

SYNOPSIS OF NEWS.

A German music teacher, named Konold, residing in Hudson, has just eloped with a young girl named Sophia Finney, from Catskill. As they were leaving Hudson, by the Hudson and Boston Railroad, the mother of the girl overtook them, and found on the person of the girl \$1,000 in cash, to which she had helped herself before leaving home. She tried to induce her to return, but could not, and finally gave her \$200 of the sum and let her go. Konold leaves a wife and family in Hudson.

Our markets continue well supplied with meats of various kinds—beef, mutton, pork, poultry and game. Prices continue moderate. Several attempts by the cattle brokers to control the market when a short Western supply has been looked for, have failed, owing to a large influx of State cattle.

The old bethel ship, John Wesley, so long stationed at Pier No. 11, North River, has been condemned as unfit for much further service, and is to be replaced by the bark Carrier Pigeon, purchased by the Swedish Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church on terms not disclosed. The Carrier Pigeon was built in this city about six years ago for a propeller, but it was subsequently converted into a sailing vessel. Its registered capacity is for 350 tons.

One of our rich merchants—a man of the fortune of a million and a half—a resident of the Fifth avenue—connected with one of the first houses in New York, was carried yesterday to the Insane Hospital. He is another illustration of what our city shows in many lamentable cases of the danger of over-attention to business.

A correspondent at St. Catharine, Canada West, says: "A very great error is made by United States correspondents, who sometimes pay the postage to the lines—three cents—which is of no avail, and is lost, as letters come with the full charge, ten cents. By the postal arrangements between the two countries, it is optional to pay or not to pay; but a partial payment, on either side, is 'struck off' by postmasters."

Miss Dix has been spending some days examining the charitable and criminal institutions of this city, and the prison at Sing-Sing.

The Brooklyn Common Council have adopted resolutions granting a lease of the land and slip at the foot of Fulton street, on the East river, belonging to the city, to John A. Dayton and his associates for ten years, on condition that they do, within one year, furnish the necessary boats and put in complete operation a ferry from said slip to some convenient landing in the city of New York, &c., to charge only one cent for each foot passenger, and \$8 per hundred for cart tickets, with privilege of commutation.

The Supreme Court of North Carolina has confirmed the decision of Judge Manly that members of the Universalist Church are incompetent to testify in courts of justice, according to the laws of that State! By this decision, the Universalists of North Carolina are virtually outlaws, as no member of that religious denomination can collect his debts, swear to an assault, or testify before the courts in any case, even if his wife or child should be insulted!

An inquest was held the other day by Coroner Hills upon the body of Julius Katzenstein, an infant nine days old, whose parents reside in this city. The verdict of the jury was, "That the said infant came to his death by loss of blood from the operation of circumcision and subsequent neglect, through ignorance on the part of the parents."

Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, of Philadelphia, the Episcopalian clergyman who was dismissed from his pulpit in the Church of the Epiphany, for preaching anti-slavery politics, has set up on his own hook, and last Sunday began his independent ministrations in the National Hall, before a large congregation. Mr. Tyng is the son of the Rev. Dr. Tyng, of this city.

Noyes Wheeler, an individual who has been somewhat extensively known throughout New England, for some years, as an itinerant professor of phrenology and spiritualism, has been brought up before the Police Court on a charge of insanity. The Justice found there was method in his madness, and discharged him.

The proprietors of the *Home Journal* weekly newspaper are preparing for a vigorous campaign in their new volume, which commences with the new year. The genial character of this time-honored print, its curious delineations of society and manners, and its piquant comments on passing events, will continue to make it a favorite guest in numerous American homes.

There appears to be great excitement at the Southwest, owing to reported insurrectionary movements among the negroes, particularly at Franklin, Tennessee, Columbia and Dover. Twenty-four muskets and two kegs of powder had been found in possession of a gang of negroes at Columbia. In Perry county, Tenn., fifteen negroes had been killed by their owners; and at Dover, on the Cumberland river, eleven had been hung. One white man, disguised as a negro, had been whipped to death. It was thought a general uprising of the negroes would take place about the holidays, and the whites were arming and organizing for defence.

We see it stated that Emile de Girardin has sold his interest in the *Paris Presse* to M. Milhaud, the banker. Girardin was the founder and principal proprietor of the paper. He possessed 40-100ths of the shares, and had a salary of 30,000 francs as editor-in-chief. The terms are: For the forty shares, 800,000 francs, and for the editorship 150,000 francs—making together the sum of 950,000 francs. M. Girardin enters into a covenant not to exercise his trade of a journalist in Paris.

Mr. Cyrus W. Field was present at the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, London, on the evening of November 20th, and laid before the meeting "the profile of the Atlantic" between Newfoundland and Valencia Bay, Ireland. In doing so he said that "on the 4th of July, 1776, the Americans had declared themselves independent of Great Britain, and on the 4th of July, 1857, he hoped they would be united with her." (Laughter.)

A blind

[DEC. 27, 1856.]

CORNELL'S SERIES OF SCHOOL GEOGRAPHIES.

PUBLISHED BY D. APPLETON AND CO.

The value of a definite and thorough knowledge of Geography to every person can hardly be too highly estimated, and all who have sought for exactness and system in the arrangement of the text-books on this subject, hitherto in use, have found that a general mixing up of a great number of facts disconnected with the Science of Geography, indicating a great lack of these essential qualities, has been a prevailing source of vexatious annoyance. After a careful and detailed examination of Cornell's Series of School Geographies, from which we have made copious specimen selections, we are fully satisfied that the author has, for the first time, hit upon the true plan of construction. From the importance of this branch in our Common Schools, therefore, too much care cannot be exercised in the selection of the text-books which are to be used by the pupils, the large majority of whom have little time to waste upon inferior and ill-arranged methods of instruction.

Cornell's Series of Geographies, in many respects, is decidedly the best now in use, and has been got up without reference to expense, and is illustrated with great delicacy and artistic taste, as will be seen by the numerous engravings which we have made room for in our illustrated pages. The Series consists of a Primary, In-



A SEA.

termediate and a High School Geography, with a set of maps, admirably designed and elegantly finished, the whole bound in a neat and very substantial manner.

The following are some of the marked excellencies which will be found in these text-books:

1st. In philosophical arrangement, the spirit of their motto being faithfully carried out: "First, the blade: then, the ear: after that, the full corn in the ear."

2d. The gradual progression, by successive steps, from a single point, whereby the difficulties usually encountered by beginners are removed.

3d. The method of presenting one thing at a time, and impressing it upon the mind before another is introduced.

4th. In the adaptation to the age and grade of scholarship for which it is intended.



A STRAIT.

5th. The admirable mode they prescribe for memorizing the contents of maps.

6th. Their full explanations and explicit directions for dividing the natural divisions of the earth, saving the teacher and pupil much time and labor.

7th. Their judicious selection of facts, the usual mass of irrelevant details pertaining to astronomy, history, zoology, botany, &c., being rigidly excluded.

8th. The appropriate and intrinsic character of their illustrations.

9th. The consistency between maps and text.

10th. Above all their great crowning feature, the introduction into the maps of such places only as are mentioned in the book—thus saving the pupil from the discouraging necessity of groping after a given locality amid a labyrinth of names. These merits characterize the whole series in a pre-eminent degree; some of them are original with the authoress, and are exclusively confined to her books.

The knowledge acquired from a study of this series must be well digested, and therefore likely to be long remembered. The student learns one thing at a time, and learns it well; and the dullest comprehension, with such a guide, can hardly fail to become quite proficient in the science. The advantage of a systematic presenta-



A RIVER.



A LAKE.

tion of facts and principles, each in its proper place, cannot be exaggerated; and hence, as well as on other accounts, Cornell's Geographies seem to be greatly in advance of all others that have been heretofore prepared for the use of our schools.

The author of Cornell's series of School Geographies, Miss S. S. Cornell, was for a number of years a practical teacher and principal of one of our large girls' grammar schools, in the Fifteenth Ward of this city, and these books are the result of her own observation while personally engaged in teaching her own classes, from which the defects of the text-books in use became more and more apparent. With this experience, she set to work to produce a more philosophic arrangement of the facts and principles of geography disconnected from all other sciences.

The author's devotion and enthusiasm led her, on maturer reflection, to resign her charge and retire to the country, where she has

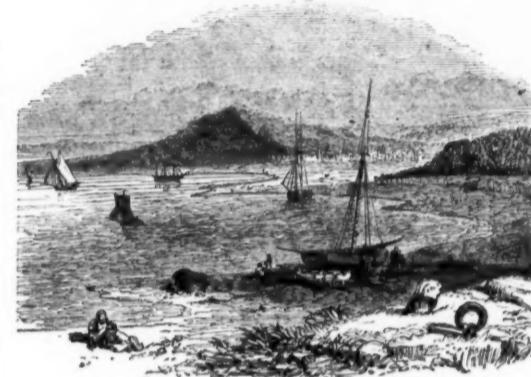
whose rules are comprehended in the five words, "one thing at a time."

"From the foregoing remarks, the reader will anticipate the claims of the present work. It has been the aim of the author so to arrange the elements, and their exponents the maps, as to emancipate, as far as possible, this interesting science from that dryness and confusion that have hitherto rendered it a weariness and an abstraction to all classes of learners. In pursuance of this design it has been found expedient to issue the work in parts; the present, for the beginner, being the first of the series. The system herein adopted will be literally retained throughout the series; it having been proved by experiment the best medium for evolving in their natural connection the successive proportions of the science. Through its operation, the pupil is prepared not only to comprehend, but frequently to anticipate, what next should follow. It is in this manner alone, that youthful interest can be engaged in any compulsory pursuit of knowledge. The unfolding mind craves knowledge; but it is only that for which it has a conscious necessity. It is the business of teaching to create and direct this necessity."

"In obedience to this natural law, the maps and illustrations of the present work have been designed to accord strictly with the character of the lessons; being, so to speak, gradually accumulating, visible deposit in another form, on the subject of each successive lesson—and nothing more; for as well might one attempt to make an accomplished architect of an individual by merely showing him



AN ISLAND.



A BAY.

passed the last three or four years in perfecting her responsible undertaking. That her labors have been crowned with brilliant success is not a matter of surprise to those who know Miss Cornell well, but to all who do not so know her, it is truly a source of pride that an American woman has undertaken and succeeded so well in a very difficult practical field of effort. The reader will perhaps form a more perfect idea of the work by reading the preface of the "Primary" in the language of the authoress herself.

"The present work is the fruit of a necessity in geographical education, that has been very keenly realized by the author during several years of experience as a public teacher. In the study of this material science, she has found it peculiarly difficult, even when following the method of the best class-books on the subject, to array it with the same perspicuity to the mind of the pupil, that may be imparted to more metaphysical studies. That other teachers have contended with the same undefined obstacle, may be gathered, not only from the confessions of a large majority of them, but also from the confused and very limited geographical knowledge in the mental possession of most communities. The constant recourse to maps, every where conveniently suspended for reference, bears ocular

the city, from time to time, from the tower of Trinity church, as hope to impart a clear and permanent idea of the rudiments of geography, through the instrumentality of a finished and crowded map, however accurately drawn, or gorgeously colored, said map may be. No complication with, or allusion to mathematical geography, therefore, will be found in the present volume. Commencing at the foundation of the science, its endeavor is to make the pupil thoroughly acquainted with the local and relative positions of the grand divisions of the earth, extending their political divisions only so far as to include the principal capital cities. It also furnishes the pupil with a reasonable number of the most important islands, capes, bays, rivers, etc., on the earth's surface. The subject is developed principally by progressive questions, growing naturally out of each other; such as might be supposed to spontaneously arise in the mind of a learner.

"In order to quicken the interest of the pupil, and bring his imagination to the aid of his understanding, the main features of the lessons are also pictorially presented in a series of numerous de-



A CAPE.



A PENINSULA AND ISTHMUS.

demonstration to the dimness and uncertainty that characterize our geographical attainments. It is an experience too universal to be disputed, that while the elements of some of the more abstruse sciences remain available in the memory often through life, those of geography are peculiarly shadowy and evanescent.

"It was in the conscientious endeavor to render this important branch as palpable to the understandings of pupils as some of the other branches of their education, that the author was enabled to trace the source of the difficulty just alluded to, to those defects in arrangement of the class-books in use that the present work is designed to remedy. She saw that it was the premature employment of unexplained terms, and the burying up of what, at present, only was attainable, by that which should be the very last learned, that constituted the great impediment to the teacher in conveying, and to the scholar in acquiring, geographical knowledge. Maps, professedly intended to elucidate, were rendered rather labyrinths of perplexity, by being covered with circles, lines, and various names and emblems, mysterious to the pupil, irrelevant to his stage of progress, and, by confusing the eye for its search in more radical matters, the source of much vexatious loss of time. In a word, she found in these class-books a fatal disregard of that system by which alone any desired result can be surely accomplished—a system



A MOUNTAIN CHAIN.

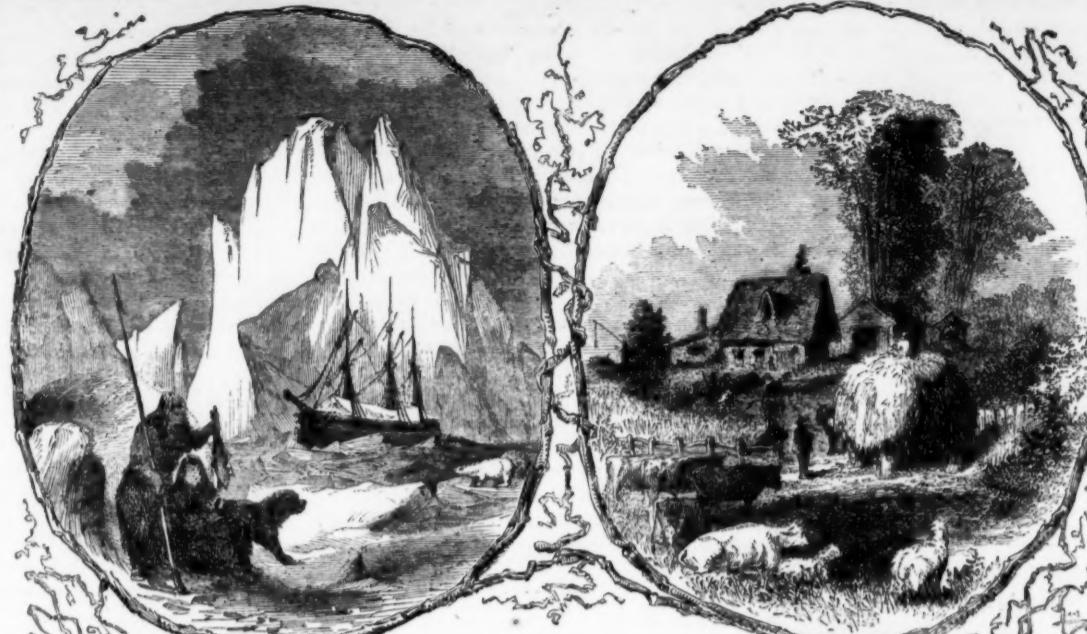
of the work questions may be presented in as many diversified forms, or reversions, as the teacher or examiner thinks advisable; and if the pupils have properly learned the preceding lessons, a correct and intelligent answer will always promptly follow. A pronouncing vocabulary, containing the names of all the natural and political divisions used throughout the work, is appended. This vocabulary affords the material for a final examination, by which the examiner can determine the precise kind and amount of geographical knowledge, possessed by any pupil. The importance of this original and valuable arrangement will be self-evident: as, heretofore, no method of ascertaining individual deficiencies in this important science, has been furnished by the class-books on the subject; consequently, pupils have been allowed to graduate from our schools with the crudest and most erratic ideas of a simple subject, that has occupied their patient investigation for years.

"Having thus, as briefly as the plan will admit, defined the nature and intention of the present work, the author confidently submits the system to the ordeal of experiment.

"The claims it proposes for universal adoption are:

"First, That it will endow a pupil with a thorough and permanent knowledge of geography, in at least one half of the time heretofore required for the purpose.

"Second, That its system is mentally refreshing, capable of enlisting and retaining the interest of the pupil, throughout the series,



A SCENE IN THE FRIGID ZONE.

A SCENE IN THE TEMPERATE ZONE.

a complete and practical system of studying and memorizing a map, thereby enabling him, so to speak, to daguerreotype its peculiar features with facility and accuracy upon the tablet of his memory.

"III.—That the maps contain only what the pupil needs (at this stage of his progress) to commit to memory, and no more.

"IV.—That the descriptive matter is so systematized by being arranged under appropriate heads, as to render it exceedingly easy for the pupil to acquire and retain, while it will greatly assist him in making a comparative estimate of the most important characteristics of the various political divisions of the earth's surface.

"V.—That the 'Pronouncing Vocabulary' is an exceedingly valuable appendix—as it furnishes a correct clue to teachers, trustees, parents and others, whereby they may ascertain whether the student of this volume has thoroughly memorized the location of each physical and political division of which it treats. Besides this, it gives the pronunciation (accessible to the pupil in no other work extant) of every geographical name contained in the several maps introduced into the present number of the series.

"VI.—That the illustrations are of such a nature and so executed, as to refine, while they attract, and instruct while they amuse the pupil.

"These original and important features will, the Author is fain to believe, be hailed with pleasure by every teacher who, with her, has shared the perplexing experience of daily wading through the sub-mixed and labyrinthian windings of a crowded map, which resulted merely in seeing the pupil gather up information at one point, only to drop and to forget it at another! It may be well here to explain that the lessons, immediately following each map, (denominated 'Map

windings of a crowded map, which resulted merely in seeing the pupil gather up information at one point, only to drop and to forget it at another! It may be well here to explain that the lessons, immediately following each map, (denominated 'Map

IDENTIFIED—MELANCHOLY END OF A STRANGE HISTORY.—The papers announce the disappearance, under strange circumstances, of a young Englishman, who, for the past three years, had resided



CITY OF PERNAMBUCO, BRAZIL.

and of putting the teacher in possession of a gauge to test, as accurately as in mathematics, what the pupil knows of the science.

"Third, That it will promote uniformity in all the classes of a school, wherein the entire series is used, as there is but one method for memorizing the contents of a map, for each class, the rules for which will be given in the second number of the series, that result being accomplished in the present number by means of the questions.

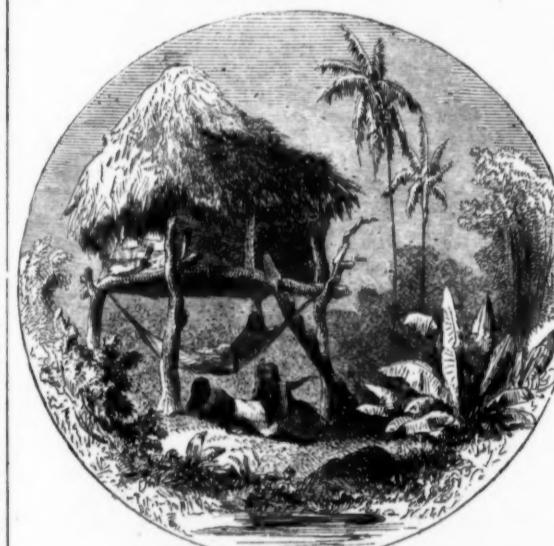
"Such are its claims; and however important or pretentious they may seem on the surface, the author has the evidence of experiment to prove the internal power of the system, and that these claims for it are not falsely erected.

"The second work is called the Intermediate Geography, as it is the second in the series of three, the latter known as the 'High School Geography.' This Intermediate Geography is a new fact in achievement, though not a new idea in name. So intimately have the abstruse principles of geographical science been interwoven with its simpler rudiments, in class-books heretofore in use, that it would be difficult, following such authorities, to determine what of these principles are primary or elementary, what intermediate, or what ultimate. To compile a work, therefore, that consistently with such an arrangement could be termed *intermediate*, is a thing quite impossible. It was necessary first, to extricate from the conglomeration of text and full-grown maps that have heretofore constituted the primary study of the beginner, those elements of the science that are indeed rudimental; and by collating these (whether belonging to the map or to the text), to lay the only foundation on which the superstructure of geographical knowledge can rise before the student in its just proportions, and be finally comprehended by him as a thing of beauty, as well as of appliance.

"This the author has attempted in her 'Primary Geography,' already before the public. From the kind manner in which that effort has been received by those whose discriminating opinion on the subject is generally esteemed, she has been encouraged to proceed, in fulfilment of her plan, with the present work;—the 'Second of the Series,' which will be found to be, in the strictest sense of the words, what its title imports, viz.: 'An Intermediate Geography.' It may not be assumption, perhaps, in the author, to say in behalf of the present volume that its distinctive claims are:

"I.—That it is the only 'Intermediate Geography' yet published that contains maps and definitions simple enough to put into the hands of students, who have just completed an Elementary or Primary geography.

"II.—That it is the only work extant that furnishes to the pupil



A SCENE IN THE TORRID ZONE.

Studies,) are arranged in accordance with the systematic directions given the pupil for memorizing the various physical and political divisions of the earth's surface. They correspond to the exercises styled 'Memory's Aid,' in the first number of the present Series, and are designed to serve a double purpose,—that of facilitating effective teaching, and of furnishing the means for progressive examination.

"The author would further remark, that the last of the series (No. 3) will supply, in the natural order of completion, what to casual observation might appear as important omissions in the preceding numbers. It may seem strange to some, on a hasty glance, that an object purporting to be a map should present no lines of longitude or latitude; while others may find it difficult to perceive the superior advantages of a map that is not crowded to its utmost capacity with the names of cities, towns, bays, rivers, etc. To such the author feels that she has but to whisper the motto of the present series, to wit: 'First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear,' to reconcile them to this arrangement. Or, should this suggestive motto be insufficient for the summary conquest she supposes, she would then fairly put them to the task of showing in what consists the value (as an intermediate school work) of maps containing more than the pupil is able to acquire or retain. Out of the thousands and tens of thousands of

in this city. The young man, it will be remembered, was walking down Broadway in the evening with a friend, when he suddenly stopped opposite the Park, and handing his friend his cloak told him to keep it, as he should not want it any longer. Before the friend had time to remonstrate, the young Englishman had left, and was never again seen or heard of until Tuesday, when his body was found in the dock at the foot of Warren street. Coroner Hills held an inquest over it, and the jury returned a verdict of "Supposed drowning." No witness identified the body, and it was not until after its burial in Potter's Field that the same was recognized by some of the friends of the young man.

The name of the deceased was J. A. Gilligan. He arrived in New York three years since, and was possessed of \$13,000 at the time, given him by his father. He was 22 years old. He had been living at French's lately. He was a man of generous heart, but dissipated. On his person but 75 cents were found—a portion of his last dollar, and of this dollar a part was spent for a drink at Delmonico's.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.—One Melvin Power lies in Ontario jail awaiting trial on an indictment for forgery. He was a milkman, stock grower, farmer, speculator, and grand rural operator generally. So large were his transactions in forged paper, that when arrested he was under suit for \$65,000 worth of spurious notes and acceptances. A rumor had lately obtained among his victims that in the particular cases on which he is to be tried his lawyer will plead usury in the making and shaving of the notes, and trusts to the plea to drag his imperiled client out of the jaws of justice! Power is said to feel so confident of the result of this legal cutting of diamonds with diamonds, that he treats with scorn offers of composition.

MAKING YARN ON THE PLANTATIONS.—Mr. Henry has invented a process for making cotton into yarn on the plantations, and at little expense, so that it can be forwarded to market in that shape with less injury to the staple, and in better order.

THE man who wins fifty dollars without working for it thinks less afterwards of every fifty dollars he ever earns, and spends it so much more freely that he very soon finds himself a pecuniary loser by his winning. So says the Philadelphia *Ledger*; and this is the best, if not the whole argument against betting.



SCENE ON THE Isthmus of PANAMA.



CATCHING WILD CATTLE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

pupils in the various public and private schools of our country, who, after having been occupied for years in sight-straining, brain-wearing explorations among the infinitudes of the maps presented to them, in what has hitherto been styled an "Intermediate Geography," is there one that can give any clear idea of the contents of said maps? Where is the graduate, even fresh from communicating with the maps of his own country—the United States—that can give with promptness and unerring certainty the location of but a twentieth part of the contents of the maps which appear in the so-called Intermediate Geographies of the day? It has not been within the experience of the writer to meet such individuals.

"In conclusion, the author gratefully acknowledges the appreciative welcome with which the initial volume of the present series has been generally received. If the great problem, whose solution she has attempted in this original system, at a cost of many years of laborious thought and patient experiment, shall be found herein elucidated, from its ability to lighten the labors of teacher and pupil, and impart a thorough knowledge of the important science of Geography, through a natural and attractive formula—her ruling motive in putting forth this effort will be amply gratified."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—If artists and amateurs living in distant parts of the Union, or in Central or South America, and Canada, will favor us with drawings of remarkable accidents or incidents, with written description, they will be thankfully received, and if transferred to our columns, a fair price, when demanded, will be paid as a consideration. If our officers of the army and navy, engaged upon our frontiers, or attached to stations in distant parts of the world, will favor us with their assistance, the obligation will be cordially acknowledged, and every thing will be done to render such contributions in our columns in the most artistic manner.

ENGLISH AGENCY.—Subscriptions received by Tribune & Co., 12 Paternoster Row, London.

A GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE!

We have in the hands of our best artists a Four Page Engraving representing

GENERAL WAYNE'S ASSAULT ON STONY POINT. This picture, which will be in many respects the finest thing of the kind ever produced in this country, is from a design by I. McNEVIN, Esq., who is at present engaged in illustrating Irving's Life of Washington, for Putnam, and Griswold's Life of Washington, for George Virtue and Co., of London; the subject being selected by the distinguished artist as affording the finest opportunity for a thrilling battle sketch of any incident of the Revolution. The moment selected is when the "Mad Anthony," struck down by a musket ball, and supposed to be mortally wounded, ordered his aids to carry him into the assaulted works at the head of his storming column. The Americans are seen pressing on from both sides of the British works, the veteran troops of England instinctively rallying, but to be borne down and conquered by the irresistible spirit of American bravery.

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY.

The Pyne and Harrison Opera Troupe will give during the season all of their beautiful gems, including the

"SKYLARK."

Doors open at half-past six o'clock; performance commencing at seven o'clock.

Admission Fifty Cents.

BUCKLEY'S SERENADES.—NEW HALL, 585 BROADWAY.

Every evening during the week, will be performed the Grand Burlesque on the fairy Opera of

CINDERELLA,

With New Scenery, Dresses, Transformations, &c., &c. Preceding which the

NEGRO MINSTRELS.

Commences at 7½ o'clock. Admission Twenty-Five Cents.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE, 624 BROADWAY, NEAR HOUSTON STREET.

This new and beautiful Theatre is now open for the season. An attractive entertainment every night. Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra seats, \$1 each; Private Boxes, \$6.

BOWERY THEATRE.—LESSEE AND MANAGER, MR. BROUGHAM.
Open every night. A fine entertainment always. Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats, 50 cents; Boxes, 25 cents; Pit and Gallery, 12½ cents; Private Boxes, \$5. Doors open at Seven; to commence at half-past Seven.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—STERLING COMEDY WEEK.

The old favorites together again:

Mr. BLAKE,

Mr. LESTER,

Mr. WALCOT, Mr. DYOTT.

Supported by the universal favorite,

Mrs. HOEY.

BROADWAY THEATRE.—E. A. MARSHALL, SOLE LESSEE.

This Theatre will open for the Winter Season with its original far-famed Stock Company, comprising all the old favorites, and introducing to the New York public the celebrated English Tragedian, Mr. LORAIN. Boxes and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle and Upper Tier, 25 cents; Private Boxes \$5 and \$6.

THEODORE EISFELD'S CLASSICAL SOIREE.

The second of the seventh season on Tuesday, Dec. 23rd, at Dodworth's. Messrs. OTTO FEDER and ROBERT GOLDBECK will assist Mr. EISFELD'S Quartette Party. See small bills.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 20, 1856.

GENERAL WALKER AND NICARAGUA.

The news from Central America possesses an absorbing interest. If we felt disposed to believe all that is published about the present "critical position" of Gen. Walker, we would be forced to admit that he was decidedly "in a tight place." But, with all due deference to the assumption of judgment of newspaper editors, who really know but very little about the matter, we beg leave to enter our protest against the united voice of our leading journals which is just now raised against the "fillibusters" because the tide of their good fortune has met with a temporary check. We have been a resident of the country and are familiar with its language and people, and know much more, by the way, of its topography, than several of our city editors who, in a review of Harper's late work on "New Granada," have located it in Central America. We will observe parenthetically that a little study of Cornell's geography would teach them the simple fact that Granada is the capital of Nicaragua, but *New Granada* is a South American Republic—the Central American States embrace only those lying between Mexico and the Isthmus of Panama, and consequently, are on the North American continent.

We do not subscribe to the doctrine of hero-worship, but we have an abiding confidence in the genius and energy of General Walker to extricate himself from any disagreeable position in which his feeble allies, aided by fortuitous circumstances, may have placed him. Our columns will bear witness that, from the very first, we have warmly admired the character of General Walker, and cordially indorsed his policy. In our biographical sketch, which accompanied his portrait, we fully expressed our opinion of his marked and peculiar traits, and we have seen no reason to change the views then published. We know the man personally—have sat at the same editorial table with him—and

reiterate the assertion that he is composed of just the sort of stuff of which true heroes are made. His ultimate success or defeat would not alter this conviction. A man who landed in a hostile country with but seventy men, who from this little nucleus drew around him a force that conquered not only opposing factions and combined armies, but even the prejudices of a foreign people, whose iron constitution and temperate habits successfully resisted a fatal climate, who has deported himself with firmness, prudence and dignity in the midst of the most trying difficulties, who has shown himself a brave and skilful soldier, a good scholar, and a thorough diplomatist, is not a man of common mould. He possesses characteristics that eminently fit him for the place he holds—prompt decision, unflinching courage, calm, but fixed determination, sure judgment, great executive ability, and a wonderfully correct knowledge of men. Such an individual cannot be effectually crushed at a single blow, nor even by a series of reverses, as witness his bold invasion of Sonora. At the last accounts, Gen. Henningsen, of Walker's army, with four hundred men, having partly destroyed Granada, was cut off in his retreat, and took possession of a church about half way between the city and the lake; he was besieged there, but is said to be well supplied with arms and ammunition, having, in fact, the greater part of Walker's stores, and a well of water. His expectation was to be relieved by Walker, who will have for this purpose Colonel Jacques's battalion, which had been sent to Virgin Bay to reinforce the garrison of the Transit route, one hundred men from California who were at Virgin Bay on the 2d of December, and three hundred from New Orleans, who were met at Castillo Rapids on the 3d. If he has been able to maintain his ground, he will also have received provisions, clothing, howitzers, minnie rifles and ammunition, shipped from here some three weeks ago. It is also stated that the natives on the island of Ometepe had massacred the sick and wounded which had been conveyed there. This we do not believe. The handful of natives who dwell upon this isolated island would hardly have dared so high-handed an outrage with the certainty of speedy retribution.

After the battles of Massaya and Granada, in October, the Costa Rican forces advanced and took possession of San Juan del Sur and the Transit route. Gen. Hornsby, not succeeding in dislodging them with the force under his command, was reinforced by Gen. Walker in person, who attacked them at the Half-way House and drove them back, and then out of San Juan del Sur. The route being open, Walker returned to Granada, and becoming alarmed for its safety, which was again threatened by the allied forces, he sent down a part of his troops under Col. Jacques to hold it. He then attacked Massaya, where he partly dislodged the enemy and destroyed part of the town. Finding that it was impossible to hold both the Transit route and Granada, he determined to abandon the latter and burn it. This duty he confided to Gen. Henningsen, while he proceeded to remove his wounded and sick to the Island of Ometepe, in the lake. The enemy advanced on Granada and succeeded in taking the small fort on the lake about half a mile from the city, and planted two guns in battery, one on each side, and at the same distance from the fort, cutting off all communication between the city and the steamer. The result, so far as known, is announced above, and we shall soon learn the final issue. Rivas is said to be recognized as President by all the native parties of Nicaragua, and Central America seems to present a united front against the "cornered filibuster," but we have lost none of our faith in his "lucky star" and predict that Gen. Walker will teach his enemies a salutary lesson that will prevent a recurrence of hostilities, and leave him firmly seated as the arbiter of the destinies of Central America. By retaining possession of the Transit route and the steamers on the lake and river, he holds the key to the country, and the subjugation of his opponents is only a question of time, not of fact. Let the matter end as it may, he has already made his mark upon the history of the age as a most extraordinary man.

OFFICE SEEKERS.—The friends of the President elect are busy hunting up the "spoils," and there are already some heart-burnings among the faithful as to the final disposition of the "loaves and fishes." The "ins" are much worried, and the "outs" are equally alarmed, as there has been no change in the administration by Mr. Buchanan's election. We find in a paragraph or two from the *Pennsylvanian*, (Forney's paper,) something shadowed forth that may be official on this (to the parties interested) exciting subject. The paper alluded to says: "The idea entertained by some of turning all out of office at stated periods, and entirely ostracising them from the public service, merely to make room for others, without regard to the principles here laid down, is not in accordance with democracy, good sense, or good government, but is simply absurd. Nor is the idea entertained by others that no one ought to be removed from office unless he has been guilty of some misdemeanor less absurd. A man may be appointed to office who at the time of his appointment may be the right man for it. But another may come up in the course of a shorter or longer period who is a better man for it. Should the first be kept in then merely because he is in? We think not. We have seen not a few who, when appointed, were active and useful democrats, and for awhile made active and useful officers, but who sooner or later became inactive, and useless democrats and indifferent officers, and yet perhaps no actual violation of their allegiance to their political principles or their duty could be charged upon them. Such should make way for better men, whenever they can be found." According to these ideas, this is the rumbling of thunder that presages the coming storm. The custom-houses are evidently to be scenes of rejoicing and sorrow. Hard is the fate of those who put "their trust in Princes."

The attention of the South is just now turned to the subject of having a direct steamship communication with Europe. The

Commercial Convention at Savannah discussed the matter with considerable energy, and the Southern press generally is loud in favor of the scheme. Norfolk, on account of the depth of water, &c., is spoken of as the most desirable port, and an effort will probably be made to have the large iron steamer now building in Great Britain pay a visit to that city on its experimental trip. Every evidence that the spirit of progress is awakening in the South should be hailed with satisfaction, and there can be no objection on the part of the North that she should establish one or more lines of steamships. Commercially speaking, the enterprise, if successfully carried out, would be of incalculable advantage to our Southern brethren and to the country at large; competition is the life of trade when it relates to individuals, and, if pursued with friendly feelings, is also the life of independent states and sections of countries.

THE LADIES FAIR, STUYVESANT INSTITUTE.—We took occasion last week to allude to this fair, then prospective. It came off according to the announcement, and was an entire success—the managers realizing over \$1,600. In reference to the support of these truly benevolent Institutions, it may be proper to observe that the Common Council gave \$2,500 last year, in aid of the funds of the existing Woman's Hospital, as it is called, and will, doubtless, be disposed to do quite as well by this exclusively women's enterprise, which, in point of time, was the first in the field. Several of the leading Trustees of the Bard Fund (now amounting to about \$45,000, designed for the founding of a Lying-in Hospital) are favorably disposed toward the application of this fund for the establishment of such an institution in connection with this enterprise, where women can have the direction, or at least an equal chance with men, to the educational advantages offered.

HON. LUCIEN B. CHASE.—This gentleman has written a long and extremely interesting letter to the *Evening Mirror*, touching the subject of the slave insurrection excitement in Tennessee. He formerly represented in Congress the district where the most danger is apprehended. He covers the ground very thoroughly, and we are happy to see that so reliable an authority indorses what we had previously written on the subject. Other papers and prominent statesmen have since expressed the same views.

It is not perhaps generally known that Hon. Howell Cobb, of Georgia, is not only a politician but a theologian. He has just published a work entitled "Scriptural Examination of the Institution of Slavery," wherein he aims to establish the proposition that the development of slavery in the United States, is calculated to secure civil and religious liberty to the colored race in Africa.

WHAT is the reason that Poughkeepsie is becoming so famous for "elopements?" We scarcely take up an exchange without reading of somebody's daughter or somebody's wife running away from Poughkeepsie.

SEVERE snow storms seem to prevail in different sections of the country. In the vicinity of Chicago the railway trains have been stopped by snowdrifts. In places the snow was piled ten feet deep.

LITERARY.

OLD WHITEY'S CHRISTMAS TROT. By A. OAKLEY HALL. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856.
OUR talented and indefatigable District Attorney has attained an enviable distinction in literature as well as at the forum and in the political arena. His letters to the *New Orleans Bulletin*, over the signature of "Hans Yorkel," achieved for him a reputation of which any man might feel justly proud. They possessed a much higher quality than is usually found in the annals of newspaper correspondence. The best evidence of their superior excellence is the fact that they were most extensively copied by the press throughout the Union, and lauded for the spirit and vigor with which his jottings down were narrated. He interwove them with abstract opinions on current events and public men that were remarkable for their perspicacity, originality and force. When the onerous and multifarious duties of his present position pressed so hard upon him as to compel him to give up his connection with journalism, he disappeared from the world of letters, although he found time, during the recent political canvas, to make many speeches of singular beauty and power. As a campaign speaker none excelled him in felicity of expression, compactness of logic, force of argument, splendor of diction, or eloquence of manner: his delivery was convincing in the extreme. But our present purpose is with his little book for young people, which it seems he has found time to re-write amid the cares of his constant and harassing vocation. The juveniles will bless him for this improvement of his leisure hours, and Santa Claus will see to it that his charming story finds its way into the Christmas stockings of all good children. There are some dozen or more chapters, giving interesting events connected with the history of "Old Whitey" and the family of his masters. He was a famous horse, whose fortunes were closely linked with those of the chief actors in a most beautiful and touching domestic drama. We like to read anything written for the gratification and instruction of youth when we know that it is really worthy of perusal, and therefore we devoured this from introduction to "finis" at a single sitting. We make no hesitancy in saying that while it capitulates the young, it also possesses a great interest for "children of a larger growth"—closely resembling in this particular the exquisite tales of Zechokke. If any of our readers desire to procure a cheap and at the same time a most acceptable present for the little ones, by all means let them go straight to a bookstore and purchase "Old Whitey's Christmas Trot." None but a good man could write such a book for the amusement of children.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY ABRIDGED. Counting-House Edition. Mason & Brothers, New York. 1857.
WHATEVER arguments may have been used by "old fogies" to decry the orthography, orthoepic or etymology—no, not the *etymology!* that, we believe, has never been questioned—of "Webster's Unabridged," one thing is certain, each succeeding year has seen it brought into more general use, until now it is everywhere conceded to be the standard authority in all matters of disputed philology, and is used in the Universities of England. One great objection to "Webster" has been that the quarto was too unwieldy for every day use. This is obviated in the abridgment, which is of convenient size and sufficiently explicit for all practical purposes except to men whose profession is that of letters. It is both succinct and thorough, and will be found of incalculable value to schools, families and counting-houses. The definitions are clear and full, the synonyms abundant, and mooted pronunciations and orthography settled by giving the disputed authorities. An appendix is bound up with the volume, giving lists of proper names, etc., tables of currency, weights and measures, etc., for the whole commercial world, usury laws throughout the

United States; and other matters of information that make it extremely valuable for a reference, outside of its intrinsic merits as a lexicon.

MASSET'S EXHIBITION REGISTER. S. French, New York. 1857.

This is the title of an admirable compendium for school exhibitions and parlor dramatic entertainments. The compiler has been most happy in his selections—ranging “from grave to gay, from lively to severe,” with an excellent and discriminating judgment. It is wholly unlike the cumbersome “speakers” and similar school-books, which have hitherto aimed to cover the same ground, but which are wholly unsuited to the purpose for which they were intended. The dialogues and recitations of the volume before us have supplied an existing want in this department of education. Mr. French is admitted to be the best judge in this country of everything pertaining to dramatic literature. He publishes, in cheap form, correct acting editions of all plays that hold possession of the modern stage, accompanied by full stage directions, costumes, etc. Mr. French is now our leading dramatic publisher. He has recently made numerous and valuable additions to his establishment, by having purchased the entire stock of the standard and minor drama from the estate of W. Taylor & Co., so that he is unquestionably the largest play publisher in the United States. He issues new plays every week.

NEW GRANADA: OR, TWENTY MONTHS IN THE ANDES. By ISAAC F. HOLTON. 8vo.

pp. 665. Harper & Brothers.

No book that has appeared this season excels this in interest or value, and certainly none that we have seen is superior to it in mechanical execution. The Harpers have issued it in their usual style of splendid typography and enriched it with numerous and uncommonly beautiful engravings and maps, that will give a more correct idea of that country than any mere word-description. There was an absolute dearth of information in regard to the soil, climate, productions, history and people of this South American Republic; that the author—now Professor of Natural Science in Middlebury College—has removed by writing the large volume before us. He spent twenty months in New Granada, was conversant with the language, and made it his study to gather reliable data from which to write his work. His primary object in visiting the country was to note the botanical productions of a tropical climate. Although he fully carried out his original intention, yet he has made this quite subordinate to his ultimate design which has been most nobly and faithfully fulfilled. This was to present in pleasant narrative style his sojourn and travels there, and to give in connection with them a correct historical, geographical, botanic, ethnological and scientific account of his researches. He has succeeded admirably by reason of his superior opportunities for observation, aided by his acknowledged power as a writer. The peculiar manners and customs of the people are excellently portrayed, and the book is a valuable and permanent addition to our literature. An appendix of the *patois* Spanish words and phrases in common parlance in all the old Spanish-American settlements, possesses a great value to the general reader.

THE HUGUENOT EXILES. Harper & Brothers. 1856.

This is an extremely interesting historical novel, written by a fair daughter of the “Sunny South”—herself descended from Huguenot exiles to the “Old Dominion”—who has infused into her story all that ardent enthusiasm characteristic to those from the land of the jessamine and orange blossom. The book is full of thrilling incidents, wrought up with great dramatic power and effect, but they crowd too closely upon each other, leaving constantly upon the mind a harrowing sensation of the awful, without sufficient relief to this continued tension. Hamlet is a sublime poem, but even the reading of Hamlet would oppress us were it not for the ludicrous garrulity of Laertes, and the humorous philosophy of the grave-diggers, who are introduced as a relief to the most sombre passages. No serious play, poem or story should fail to be thus lightened. Even Milton is read only by very, very few, for the simple reason that *he never smiles!* This, however, is the fault of the subject and not of the authoress, in the volume under notice. The facts of history are even more terrible than this narration. A silken thread of love and romance runs through the more important events, and gets happily reeled at last. Some of the author's descriptions are remarkably telling and graphic, and her fluency and affluence of language are great. Despite our objections, it is a most readable book; but the author should essay a less painful subject, and, with her superior powers, can hardly fail of achieving a splendid success. We know of no lady-writer who could wield a more effective pen as a contributor to a continued tale in our weekly papers, than the authoress of *The Huguenot Exiles*; and we are not surprised to learn that she has already received propositions from some of the most enterprising publishers to contribute to their widely-circulated columns.

HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES THE FIFTH. By WM. ROBERTSON, D. D. With a Continuation, treating of the Cloister Life of the Emperor after his Abdication. By WM. H. PRESCOTT. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. In 3 vols. 8vo.

These volumes are printed in uniform size and style with Mr. Prescott's other historical works, and are sold at the same price. Every person whose library is already enriched by the previous productions of this gifted pen will be sure to complete the set. Those who have not hitherto indulged in this cheap and enduring luxury cannot do as well in any other direction as to purchase this admirable biography of the Monk-Emperor. A correct portrait of Charles the Fifth, finely engraved from one of Titian's paintings, faces the title page. A list of contents prefixes each chapter, and an elaborate index is appended to facilitate reference. To the reader who seeks only entertainment, or to the student of Spanish history, this work possesses equal attractions. Nothing of recent date has been published that can be regarded as so valuable an addition to our standard literature. Whether to while away a leisure hour by conning its pages, or to delight and instruct the family circle by reading aloud, we know of nothing that can surpass the charming style of the blind historian. Prescott's name and fame are too familiar to need any special reference. We will, therefore, only add here that he has supplied a most desirable hiatus which the profound historian Dr. Robertson, and all other writers, have not filled. Charles was unquestionably the greatest ruler Spain ever had, and his reign furnishes one of the most interesting epochs in history; but when he abjured the world and buried himself in a convent, the records are strangely silent in regard to his cloister life. We have only known, generally, that he was no ascetic, but a jolly monk, who retained in his grasp the reins of power, that he was a son of Epicurus in his living, and that he continued to be surrounded by courtiers and ghostly parasites. The materials from which Prescott has filled up this gap were buried among the musty archives of Simancas, and have only been dug out within a few years. The elegant pen of Mr. Prescott has not only furnished new incidents in the career of Charles, anterior to this period, in a manner that gives the charm of novelty to the facts of which we were already possessed, but he has made his work extremely fascinating by dwelling so much in detail upon this most singular and romantic phase in the life of the eccentric monarch. The publication at this time is very opportune, as no book would make a richer gift for the holidays.

BOOKS FOR THE JUVENILES.—Phillips, Sampson & Company, of Boston, have brought their immense resources to bear in getting up a number of handsome books designed especially as presents to children. We have looked over several, among which we will mention “The Last of the Huggermuggers,” “Kobolito, a Sequel to the Last of the Huggermuggers,” both profusely illustrated. “Bright Pictures from Child Life,” translated from the German, and “Daisy, or the Fairy Spectacles,” are charming volumes. “Red Beard's Stories for Children, by Cousin Fannie,” from its novel pictures, will make a strong impression on the minds and imaginations of “Little America.” If our parlors and nurseries are not in these holy times filled with Phillips, Sampson & Co.'s juvenile books, then injustice will be done to the little people and to the cleverest of book publishers.

PROFILE OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH ROUTE.—The walls of the Exchange were lately adorned with an interesting map prepared by Capt. Berryman, showing the profile of the bottom of the Atlantic on the route over which it is designed to lay the submarine cable next summer, as ascertained by the soundings recently taken by the officers of the United States steamer Arctic. The map is 22 feet long and 18 inches wide, and consists of a single black line indicating the profile of the bottom of the ocean, with a band of blue above, representing the depth of water, the surface being a curved line, drawn on a radius of fifty feet. The soundings were taken about every thirty miles between St. John's, Newfoundland, and Valentia Harbor, Ireland. We append the figures showing the depth in fathoms, beginning at St. John's: 96, 150, 98, 85, 120, 370, 450, 752, 1,080, 1,590, 1,827, 1,627, 1,600, 1,500, 1,564, 1,600, 1,650, 1,630, 2,070, 2,000, 1,830, 1,920, 1,813, 1,650, 1,590, 1,645, 1,750, 1,905, 1,618, 410, 255, 410, 715, 114.

A LITTLE boy attending at a mixed school in France was recently told by some of the boys that, as he was a Protestant, he was sure of going to Perdition when he died. The child, in all the simplicity of faith, replied, “I shall be with my mother!”

TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR.

“Bob, you say that most diseases are contagious. How long have you entertained such notions?”

“Ever since I sat alongside a blue-eyed girl, and caught the palpititation of the heart.”

The Post thinks the President's message would bear reading a dozen times without losing much of its interest. We have no doubt that the message would bear it, but what would become of the poor people who read it? We don't think it could possibly be read times enough to lose much of its interest.

AN ELASTIC STORY.—We have always heard that an omnibus was a vehicle possessed of most wonderful elasticity, and last evening we saw the statement proved. Going down Greene street in one of Hathorne's omnibuses, the coach stopped to take in a very pretty young lady, who rushed up out of the snow—on to the step—half way through the door—but alas! there remained hard and fast. By the polite and ready assistance of “gentleman of the press,” who chanced to be inside, the door was stretched a foot or two, the hoops compressed a yard or so, and the lady entered in full feather and not a hair turned. Turning to our reportorial friend, the lady said: “Thank you, sir; but it seems to me these doors are very narrow!”

INNOCENCE.—“My dear Amelia,” said a dandy, “I have long wished for this opportunity, but hardly dare speak now, for fear you will reject me; but I love you; say you will be mine! Your smiles would shed”—and then he came to a pause; “your smiles would shed”—and then he paused again.

“Never mind the wood-shed,” says Amelia; “go on with the pretty talk.”

“Lie me!” sighed Mrs. Partington, “here I have been suffering the bigamies of death for three mortal weeks. First I was seized with a bleeding phrenology in the left hemisphere of the brain, which was exceeded by a stoppage of the left ventilator of the heart. This gave me an inflammation of the borax, and now I am sick with the chloroform morbus. There is no blessing like that of health, particularly when you're sick.”

“You are rather a crooked character, Mr. Jones.”

“Rather, sir, but not so crooked as a tree I once saw. It was the tallest butternut I ever saw. Standing close to it one day in a storm, I saw a squirrel in one of its topmost branches. The lightning struck the same branch about three feet above him, and the squirrel started. The lightning had to follow the grain of course, and the squirrel went straight down. So crooked was the tree, sir, that the squirrel by my watch got to the bottom precisely three minutes before the lightning.”

“That's a lie!” exclaimed several at the same time.

“A lie!—true as any story ever was. I afterwards saw that tree cut down and made into rails for a hog-pasture. The hogs could crawl through twenty times a day, and so crooked were they ere rails, that every time the hogs got out they found themselves back in the pasture again.”

YANKEES NEVER LOSE A TRADE.—A gentleman was once negotiating with a New Hampshire horse dealer for the purchase of a mare, but could not agree by ten dollars. Next morning, however, making up his mind to split the difference, he posted off to the stable, where the first person he met was the groom.

“Master up, Joe?” he inquired.

“No, master be dead,” said Joe; “but he left word for you to have the mare.”

SCENES AT CONGRESS HALL, SARATOGA.—“My dear Bella, who is that frowsy-looking woman in the corner, with the horrid red nose?”

“Why, Clara dear, that is Mrs. DeCodfish, of Mackerel Square, New York.”

“Dear me! is she anybody in particular?”

“Why, love, most certainly; she is a twenty-three trunk lady.”

“Is it possible?—do introduce me—what a splendid looking creature she is!”

A man having stolen a five dollar bill out in Indiana, his counsel tried to prove that the note was not worth five dollars, it being at a discount, in order to lessen the crime. The prosecutor said he knew the prisoner was the meanest man in the State, but he did not think he was so all-fired mean as not to be willing to steal Indiana money at par.

PUNS.—One of the best puns we have ever heard was perpetrated by a clergyman. He had just united in marriage a couple whose Christian names were respectively Benjamin and Ann. “How did they appear during the ceremony?” inquired a friend. “They appeared both *annie-mated* and *bennie-fitted*,” was the ready reply.

Here is a new “bull” and “bear” arrangement. A man in Chicago, whose stock consists in horses, has a novel way of preventing constables from levying on his property. At one side of his door is chained a fierce bull-dog, with rope enough to guard half the entrance. At the other side is a savage bear, which has chain enough to barely reach the dog. Between Tray and Bruin it is impossible to effect an entrance, as a certain fat constable found to his cost after walking a couple of miles with his attachment.

An honest, good-hearted Methodist preacher, had awakened the feelings of his congregation, and what is called a “stir” was quite manifest among the members of his church. When the excitement was up at its highest pitch, the minister appealed to his brethren and sisters for an expression of their feelings on the occasion. First one and then another would make a devout exclamation of deep feeling, when an old brother in the “Amen Corner” cried out with vehemence, “Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! I've been a member of the church going on twenty-five years, and it hasn't cost me twenty-five cents!” The explanation arrested the preacher's attention, and bending over the desk as far as he could, and looking affectionately at the brother who had just uttered the pious exclamation, with great earnestness of manner said, “God bless your old stingy soul!”

A HEARTY LAUGH.—After all, says the Dublin *University Magazine*, what a capital, kindly, honest, jolly, glorious, good thing a laugh is! What a tonic! What a digester! What a febrifuge! What an excisor of evil spirits! Better than a nap after dinner or a walk before dinner. How it shuts the mouth of malice, and opens the brow of kindness! Whether it discovers the gums of infancy or age, the grinders of folly or the pearls of beauty; whether it rakes the sides and deforms the countenance of vulgarity, or dimples the visage or moistens the eye of refinement—in all its phases, and on all faces, contorting, relaxing, overwhelming, convulsing, throwing the human form into the happy shaking and quaking of idiocy, and turning the human countenance into something appropriate to Billy Button's transformation—under every circumstance, and everywhere, a laugh is a glorious thing. Like “a thing of beauty” it is a “joy forever.” There is no remorse in it. It leaves no sting—except in the sides, and that goes off. Even a single unparticipated laugh is a great affair to witness. But it is seldom single. It is more infectious than scarlet fever. You cannot gravely contemplate a laugh. If there is one laughter, and one witness, there are forthwith two laughters. And so on. The conulsion is propagated like sound. What a thing when it becomes epidemic!

THE END OF A DRINKING CLUB.—A celebrated drinking club, in a large town in the West of Scotland, which had formerly great influence in the local elections, is broken up. Two of its members were sent to a lunatic asylum, one jumped from a window and killed himself, one walked or fell into the water at night and drowned, one was found dead in a public house, one died of delirium tremens, upwards of ten became bankrupt, and four died ere they had lived half their days. One, who was a bairlie when connected with the club, is at present keeping a low public house. Such are a few facts well known to those living in the locality.

The Sandy Hook Telegraph has been extended to Squan Village, fifteen miles below Long Branch, and twenty-five from the point of Sandy Hook. There are more wrecks occurring in the vicinity of Squan than upon any other part of the coast of New Jersey, and this line will be of great service to the Underwriters in getting prompt information of disasters. The line has been working well for several days.

MUCH WISDOM IN A LITTLE SPACE.

ORTHODOX, or ORTHODOXY. These terms are restricted in application to right judgments in matters of religious faith; and although every sect maintains of course the exclusive correctness of its own views, yet the title of orthodoxy is appropriated by ecclesiastical historians to the standard maintained by the Catholic or universal church. The term orthodox is generally restricted also to those principal tenets which have been always held by the great mass of professing Christians: large bodies of dissenters in England are allowed by the church to be orthodox, inasmuch as they hold the three creeds, and therefore profess the principal articles of the Christian faith in common with those who differ from them in matters of church authority and discipline.

ROUNDELAY. A sort of ancient poem, consisting of thirteen verses, of which eight are in one kind of rhyme, and five in another. It is divided into couplets; at the end of the second and third of which, the beginning or the poem is repeated, and that, if possible, in an equivocal or punning sense. Roundelay also signifies a song or tune in which the first strain is repeated, and a kind of dance.

DERVISE, or DERVIS. A name given to various Mahometan priests or monks. Many of the dervises travel over the whole of the Eastern world, entertaining the people wherever they come with agreeable relations of the curiosities and wonders they have met with. There are dervises in Egypt, who live with their families, and exercise their trades, of which kind are the dancing dervises at Damascus. They are distinguished among themselves by the different forms and colors of their habits; those of Persia were blue; the solitaires and wanderers wear only rags of different colors; others carry on their heads a plume, made of the feathers of a cock; and those of Egypt wear an octagonal badge of a greenish white alabaster at their girdles, and a high stiff cap without anything round it. They generally profess extreme poverty, and lead an ascetic life.

PALATINES AND SUABIANS. About 7,000 of these poor Protestants, from the banks of the Rhine, driven from their habitations by the French, arrived in England, and were encamped on Blackheath and Camberwell common; a brief was granted to collect alms for them. 500 families went under the protection of the government to Ireland, and settled chiefly about Limerick, where parliament granted them £24,000 for their support. 3,000 were sent to New York and Hudson's Bay, but not having been received kindly by the inhabitants, they went to Pennsylvania, and being there greatly encouraged by the Quakers, they invited over some thousands of German and Swiss Protestants, who soon made this colony more flourishing than any other, 7 Anne, 1709.—Anderson.

PALM SUNDAY. When Christ made his triumphal entry into Jerusalem, multitudes of the people who were come to the feast of the Passover, took branches of the palm-tree, and went forth to meet him, with acclamations and hosannas, A.D. 33. In memory of this circumstance it is usual, in Popish countries, to carry palms on the Sunday before Easter; hence called Palm Sunday. Conquerors were not only accustomed to carry palm-trees in their hands; but the Romans, moreover, in their triumphs, sometimes wore *toga palmata*, in which the figures of the palm-trees were interwoven.

PANTHEON AT ROME. A temple built by Augustus Caesar, some by Agrippa, his son-in-law, 25 B.C. It was in a round form, having niches in the wall, where the particular image or representation of a particular god was set up; the gates were of brass, and beams covered with gilt brass, and the roof covered with silver plate. Pope Boniface III. dedicated it to the Virgin Mary, and all the saints, by the name of St. Mary de la Rotunda.

PEARLS. The formation of the pearl has embarrassed both ancient and modern naturalists to explain, and has given occasion to a number of vain and absurd hypotheses. M. Réaumur, in 1717, alleged that pearls are formed like other stones in animals. An ancient pearl was valued by Pliny at £80,000 sterling. One which was brought, in 1574, to Philip II. of the size of a pigeon's egg, was valued at 14,000 ducats, equal to £13,996. A pearl spoken of by Boetius, named the *Incomparable*, weighed thirty carats equal to five pennyweights, and was about the size of a muscadine pear. The pearl mentioned by Tavernier as being in possession of the Emperor of Persia was purchased of an Arab in 1633, and is valued at a sum equal to £110,400.

PELOPONNESIAN WAR. The celebrated war which continued for twenty-seven years between the Athenians and the inhabitants of Peloponnesus, with their respective allies. It is the most famous and the most interesting of all the wars which happened between the inhabitants of Greece. It began 431 B.C., and ended 404 B.C.

PETER-PENCE. Presented by Ina, King of the West Saxons, to the Pope at Rome, for the endowment of an English college there, A.D. 725. So called, because agreed to be paid on the feast of St. Peter. The tax was levied on all families possessed of thirty pence yearly rent in land, out of which they paid one penny. It was confirmed by Offa, 777, and was afterwards claimed by the Popes, as a tribute from England, and regularly collected, till suppressed by Henry VIII.—Camden.

PETER, THE WILD BOY. A savage creature found in the forest of Hertswood, electorate of Hanover, when George I. and his friends were hunting. He was found walking on his hands and feet, climbing trees like a squirrel, and feeding on grass and moss, November 1725. At this time he was supposed to be thirteen years old. The king caused him to taste of all the dishes at the royal table; but he preferred wild plants, leaves, and the bark of trees, which he had lived on from his infancy. No human efforts of the many philosophical persons about the court could entirely vary his savage habits, or cause him to utter one distinct syllable. He died in Feb. 1785, at the age of 72. Lord Monboddo presented him as an instance of the hypothesis that “man in a state of nature is a mere animal.”

PIANO-PORTE. Invented by J. C. Schroder, of Dresden, in 1717; he presented a model of his invention to the court of Saxony; and some time after, G. Silverman, a musical-instrument maker, began to manufacture piano-fortes with considerable success. The invention has also been ascribed to an instrument-maker of Florence. The square piano-forte was first made by Freiderica, an organ-builder of Saxony, about 1758. Piano-fortes were made in London by M. Zumpe, a German, 1766; and have been since greatly improved by others here.

Early on Sunday morning last a fire broke out in the old depot of the Hudson River railroad, at East Albany, which is now used for stowing freights. It was totally destroyed, together with the passenger depot and restaurant attached. The loss is chiefly on freight. Damage estimated at \$150,000. The property of the company is said to be insured. The freight in the depot consisted chiefly of butter, clover seed, cheese and flour. After the fire a fight took place between two employees of the road, named Henry Brown and Edward Gallagher. Brown was violently thrown on the ground, falling with his neck across the track, when Gallagher kicked him violently. Brown was found to be dead. Gallagher was arrested.

SIERRA LEONE, WEST AFRICA.

In our last paper we gave a general sketch of Sierra Leone, with a view of Freetown. In our present number we give four views of the interior of the town, which, more than any description, enlighten the reader as to the social life of the African in his native home. The body of the mass of the dwelling-houses of Freetown, whether circular or square, is generally composed of posts, with sticks between, forming the ground-work of the walls, which are of mud. An upright pole is raised from a cross-beam, from nearly the top of which the rafters radiate to about five feet beyond the tower upon which they rest; and there, having received a connecting bandage, they are supported by

SKETCHES IN SIERRA LEONE, ENGLISH COLONY, WEST AFRICA.



"EGG-GU-GU," ITINERANT NECROMANCER AND MUSIC.

purposes of the reception-room and council-chamber. It is here the natives most delight to assemble to hold their "palavers," whether in the character of solemn discussions on politics or their municipal laws, or of a desultory chitchat. It is here, too, the hammock is scarcely less indispensable than the colonnade itself; the headman or chief at such meetings taking it as "the chair," in which he swings with peculiar self-complacency, whilst his compatriots or guests are seated on mats and skins on the raised terrace. The hammock, indeed, is seldom vacated during the day, if in its neighborhood there happens to be an aspirant after the *otium sine dignitate*, which

pay him a sort of worship mingled with dread. He has credit for being familiar with departed spirits, and it is supposed by many that the soul of any deceased individual may appear in his own person. Such feelings and such notions, however, may be said to be universal only among the women; for, although a latent sense of dread, and an outward manifestation of the most profound respect towards him, are generally shared among the men; a suspicion lurks in the minds of many that he is not so great an adept as he professes to be. They are, nevertheless, glad to turn to account the influence he exercises over the softer sex; and, by a sort of rigid freemasonry

where they are provided with the best of everything that can be procured, including pecuniary contributions, which frequently leave the donors destitute. Proficiency in the nature and use of poisons is very generally accorded to the chief of this gang, whose incognito is so wholly impenetrable that, could the individual by any possibility be found bold enough to arrest him, he would incontestably disappear from beneath the folds of his cloak, and certain death would be the penalty of the intruder's temerity. It is a common belief that the cloak is impregnated with a deadly poison, fatal to any one who might venture even to touch it.



EXTERIOR OF KITCHEN.

it is so well calculated to afford; and, if a male adult (the ladies never attempt it) is not to be found to enjoy his hour of recreation within it whilst framing wild fancies in the smoke from his tobacco-pipe, some young urchin is pretty sure to scamper into its folds to enjoy the luxury of a swing.

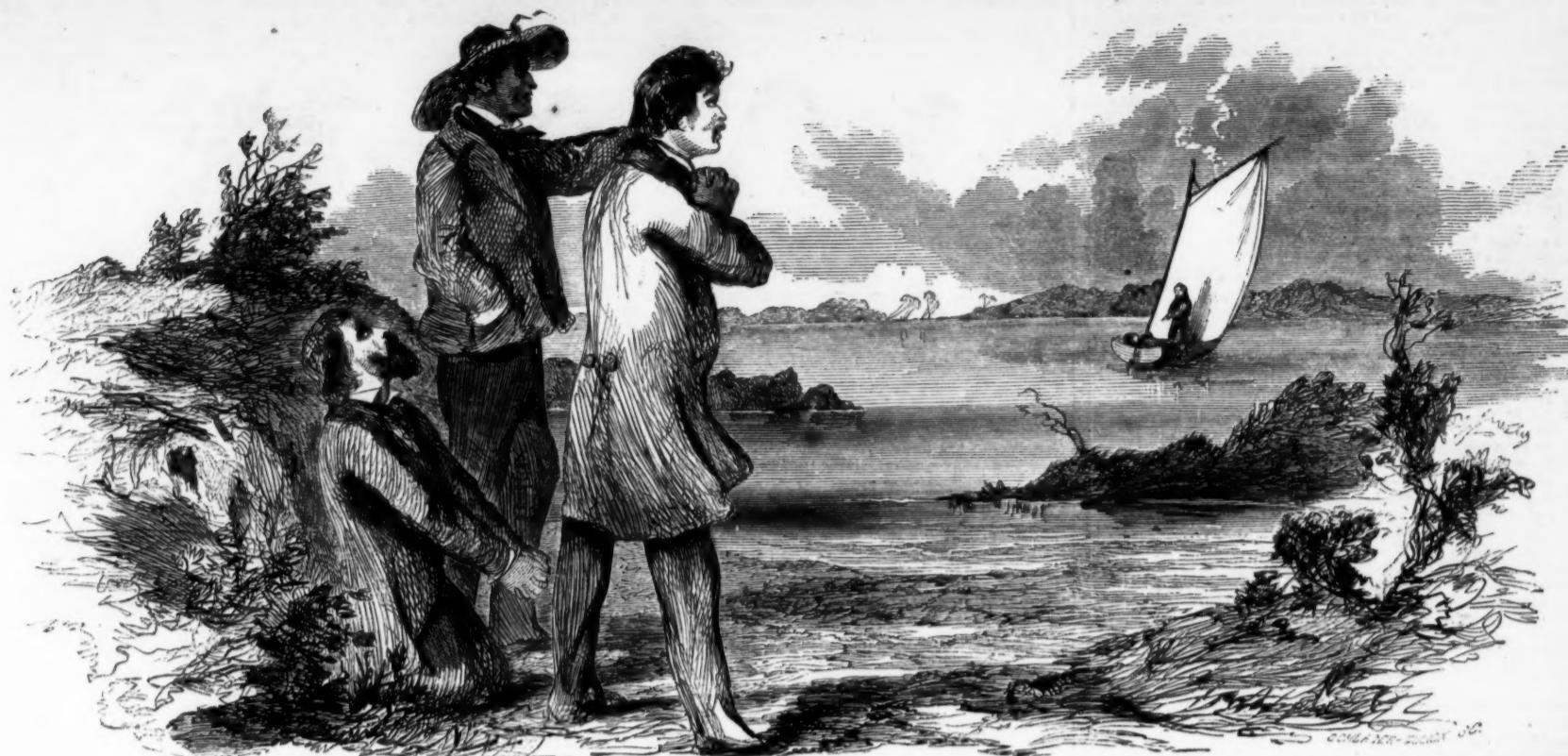
Probably in no part of the world does superstition exert a more extensive and baneful influence than in Africa. Consequently, itinerant doctors, necromancers and impostors of every denomination are everywhere to be found, and they do not hesitate to make their appearance and practise their impositions within the colony. The professions and reputation of this impostor cause thousands to

among themselves, take good care, as occasion may need, to keep their wives and children in dread of being subject to his spells. He generally makes his appearance during the dry season of the year, attended by his confederates, who beat drums, and chant some taking sentences, to which he responds, while they assume different postures, to amuse and abuse the intelligence of the bystanders. A spirit of emulation prevails everywhere among the deluded people, to be honored by him with his presence at their houses, by way of propitiating his favor; and they will spend nearly all they possess in providing a suitable feast for him and his companions. A separate room or the whole house is surrendered exclusively to their use,

The costume of the Egg-gu-gu varies somewhat in its character. The one in the sketch wore a dirty-red hooded cloak, with rows of cowrie-shells forming a square in front of the face, between which a the upper part were two holes, scarcely perceptible, for him to see through. The leg-ends of loose trowsers were to be seen over a pair of old Wellington boots; but the fraternity mostly appear with their feet bandaged with dried grass, or perhaps a pair of stockings, by way of approximating as nearly as possible to civilized notions of respectability. An oblong piece of glass, about the length of the forehead, is sometimes substituted for the cowrie-shells; and the cloaks, also, of some are composed of different colored patches.



WATERLOO MARKET.



GUSTAVE CARRYING OFF KATE LAWTON.—A SCENE FROM THE "SLAVE SMUGGLERS."

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED IN FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by FRANK LESLIE, in the
Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE SLAVE SMUGGLERS;
OR,
THE BELLES OF THE BAY.

A LEGEND OF LOUISIANA.

(Commenced in No. 46.)

CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED.

The boat, which they had left drawn up on the beach, was now at a considerable distance from the shore, and, with her sails hoisted and set, flying rapidly up the lake; whilst in the stern, steering her, and partly supporting the apparently lifeless form of Kate, which reclined upon the seat, sat the half-breed, who, as they reached the shore, turned towards them and uttered a shrill and exulting yell. At first Lawton and Harry were totally at a loss to comprehend the meaning of the scene before them; but when that fiendish and triumphant sound came quivering over the waters, ringing in their ears, it needed not the short, emphatic sentence of Thompson—"By jing! the yaller varmint is running away with the gal!"—to convince them of the terrible situation in which the being they both so fondly loved was thus suddenly placed.

A thousand circumstances before unnoticed or disregarded, but now plainly demonstrative of the Indian's motives, in hanging about the island, flashed in an instant upon the mind of the wretched father, and he bitterly deplored his own folly and blindness in nurturing a viper who had thus stung him. In thus accusing, he wronged himself, however, as he had been actuated by good nature alone, and could never reasonably have anticipated such a return for his charity. Recollecting, then, that he had left Harry with Kate, he reproachfully and rather angrily demanded of him his reasons for leaving her alone with the Indian.

At any other time and under other circumstances, Harry Grayson would probably have resented Lawton's tone and manner; but, besides making allowance for the despair of a parent, his own heart was now too deeply lacerated, and his mind agitated with grief and rage to notice him. He, therefore, explained the matter as delicately as he could, but Lawton could not but perceive that his daughter's own folly had been the cause of the frightful position in which she was placed.

"I see, I see," said he, passionately, and, giving vent to the tears he could no longer restrain, "My poor daughter! my darling Kate! Bitterly will you pay the penalty of a girlish caprice. But no! no! it is not for that," continued he, with increasing agitation and the self accusation and remorse often displayed in such minds; "it is not for that: my innocent child is punished for her father's sins, and this is a judgment sent upon me for them. Oh God! oh God!" he cried, raising his arms to heaven, "punish me as you will, but spare, spare my guiltless child for her blessed mother's sake," and the miserable parent gazed wildly for a moment at the retreating boat, and then threw himself upon the sand and sobbed aloud—for Kate was, though unconsciously to himself, his favorite child, and the thoughts of what might befall her horrible fate almost drove him to insanity.

Deep and overpowering as was Harry's own grief, and hopeless almost as was his despair, he avoided all expression of either, in his endeavors to comfort the stricken father; although he keenly felt how hard was the task, as he could see no possible reasonable ground for hope. He, however, said something about the uselessness of unavailing lamentation, and the necessity of prompt and energetic action.

"And what action can we take?" asked Lawton, almost fiercely. "That wretch has left us in this lonely island, without any possible means of getting away from it, unless we swim three or four miles, and that I suppose none of us could do even were we to try. It will be night before we are missed, as my wife will not expect us back before sundown, and will then most probably wait an hour or two before getting uneasy or sending to search for us. By that time the villain will have such a start of us that it will be impossible to overtake him. No! I feel that my darling child is lost, and that I am the cause of her dreadful fate. Oh, to think that I should be cooped up here in sight of her helpless situation and yet not be able to assist her!" and he paced to and fro in hopeless despair and rage.

"Come, come Mr. Lawton," said Thompson, who, from his first exclamation had been silent, apparently immersed in deep thought, "don't give up, nor take on so about it. I know exactly the course that yaller hound will take, and, afore daylight, me and Mr. Harry here will be on his trail. He can't go far to-night; for, as soon as the moon goes down, it will be dark as pitch in the pinewoods, and even an Injin can't travel fast in the dark. Besides, even if he 'got a horse, which I reckon he has, it is one o' them little ponies, and with his weight and Miss Kate's, he can't possibly go fast, for they ain't much account anyhow, and afore he gets to the Sabine, we'll overhaul him, certain. You need

not be noways uneasy about Miss Kate before that, except her being skeered and tired, for it ain't the nature of them brutes to mistreat a woman other way at first except to tomahawk her. No, he'll take her safe across the Sabine, and then he calculates to hide her and try his hand at courtin' in the Indian fashion—that is, if we give him a chance. Do you see it ain't no use to be so down-hearted; for, ten to one you'll have her back safe and sound in a couple of days or sech a matter."

Whether the warna-hearted old hunter really believed that as much ground for hope actually existed as he appeared to think, may be doubted; but he certainly had strong hopes of rescuing the unfortunate girl, and perfect confidence of his own ability to discover and follow the retreating trail of her savage admirer. Of course his sympathy for the miserable parent prompted him to endeavor to comfort him by representing each possibility of recovering his child in the most favorable light. In these good-natured endeavors he partly succeeded, as Lawton's nature prompted him to catch eagerly at every glimmer of hope. There was in reality, in Thompson's view of the circumstances, much to hope for, and so both Lawton and Harry must have felt, even had not their own feelings influenced them in an opinion so consonant with their wishes, particularly in his positive statement that the Indian would not attempt to annoy and terrify Kate with his loathsome address for some days at least.

"Oh, if we had only a boat to follow him!" said Harry, as Thompson concluded.

"Ah, yes, if we had," replied Thompson, "that yellow devil would not have tried sich a caper; he known very well what he was about when he played us sich a trick; however, even we may play him another; but we must have a boat, that's the first thing to be thought about; and as there's no other way to get one, I suppose I must swim after it."

"Swim!" exclaimed Lawton and Harry at once, and the former continued: "Why it is at least three miles to the mouth of the bayou, where the skiff belonging to the yacht is lying, and you don't mean to say that you can swim that far, cold as the water now is. It will chill you to death."

"Well," replied Thompson, "that's the worst of it. I've swum farther than that many a time; and even if I hadn't, this is a desperate case, and, as Cannady says, desprit cases requires desprit remedies. However, I reckon I had better take something along to help me in case I should give out; and as for the cold, I shan't mind that, after I'm in the water awhile. I think I can go down pretty quick, as the tide is running out, and that you know will help a heap."

So saying, Thompson walked to the head of the small island, where a huge pile of drift wood from the river above had collected. Selecting a log of light porous wood, some eight or ten feet long, he rolled it to the water's edge, and divesting himself of coat, vest and shoes, and throwing his hat upon the sand, he stood prepared to embark on his bold and generous undertaking. Had his object been any other than what it was, both Lawton and Harry would have used every endeavor to dissuade him from what appeared so hazardous a trial; but evidently no other means of getting a boat speedily could be thought of. Neither of the others had ever swam any distance or for any other object than amusement, and in fact such an attempt on their part would have certainly been in vain, and though Harry would willingly and unhesitatingly have made it himself, he felt that success would be much more certain with the person who first proposed the bold expedient.

It was at first proposed that on reaching the mouth of the bayou, Thompson should proceed to the house in search of the two negro boys, telling them that their boat had got adrift; but as that seemed hardly a reasonable excuse for

so daring an effort to obtain another, and Lawton felt certain his wife's fears would be excited, it was determined that he should endeavor to see the boys without communicating with any one else, and getting the skiff, return with all possible haste. Rolling his log into the water and wading out until it reached his waist, Thompson then rested his breast upon one end of the log, and struck out on his novel and adventurous voyage, bidding his companions adieu and to have no fear of his success, as he should be as safe upon it as an alligator. As he glided on at a pretty brisk rate, pushing his primitive bark before him with great apparent ease, assisted by the ebb tide, all fears of the result were removed from their admiring minds, and they became as sanguine as himself of his success.

All this had occurred in perhaps even a shorter time than has been consumed in relating it. The sails of the boat, containing the terror-stricken girl and her daring abductor, were still dimly visible towards the head of the lake, and Harry and Lawton alternately gazed at it and the adventurous navigator on the log, until both at last disappeared from their view. The island on which they were thus left alone, lay to the right of the one on which Lawton lived in ascending the lake, and was, as before intimated, about three miles above it. Had Mrs. Lawton or Ross thought of such a thing, they might with the telescope have witnessed all that had occurred; but the mother was indisposed, and the daughter engrossed with thought, in which for the time not only father and sister, but mother also were forgotten. Unobserved, therefore, the two gentlemen were left to seek consolation from each other and to await the return of their intrepid and noble-hearted companion.

He, in the meantime, had progressed much more rapidly than even he had hoped, for the current carried him along with scarcely any exertion on his part except to keep his log straight before him. Indeed so quickly and easily did he float down that he abandoned his intention of landing at the mouth of the bayou, and glided on until nearly abreast of the house. Here he quitted his log and swam on shore, having made the trip in considerably less than an hour, unfatigued though feeling considerably chilled and stiffened from the cold. Walking briskly towards the house, he soon reached the back of the garden, where he was screened from the view by the paling, and the trees and the shrubbery. Both of the negro men were at work in it, and he called in a low voice to the nearest of them.

At the sound of his voice Frank dropped his hoe and ran towards him. Raising his head over the paling, he gazed upon the dripping figure of Thompson in astonishment and terror, his shining ebony visage becoming gradually white with ashy spots.

"De Lord save us, Mister Thompson!" at last he stammered out. "What, in de name of Heaven, is de matter? You ain't done been drowned, is you? And Mass Robert and Miss Kate and Mass Harry, whar is dey?" raising his voice so much that Dick, the other negro, heard him, and also ran towards him to see what was the matter.

"Hush! you fool!" said Thompson sternly; "there arn't nobody drowned, or dead any other way. The boat got adrift, and I had to swim from Hackburg over yonder to get the skiff."

"Lord! Mister Thompson," replied Frank, "I know you's a fooling me now, and sumpkin is happened, for you couldn't swim that fur;" and, turning to Dick, he repeated the story of Thompson, and Dick also began to express his incredulity.

"I tell you what, my larks," said Thompson, in a rage, "if you don't stop your clatter I'll jump over them palings and knock your woolly heads together till your brains rattle. Do you want to skeer your Mistress and Miss Rosa into fits? Here, Dick, you've got a little more gumption than this ninny. Where are the ladies?"

"Mistess is in her room laying down, and I 'spect Miss Rosa is dar too," answered Dick.

"Well, then," continued Thompson, "do you run to the house and get your master's cloak and my saddle-bags out of my room, for I've got some dry clothes in them; and get a decanter of brandy off the sideboard. And mind! don't you say a word to nobody, for though they ain't nothing much the matter, you might skeer your mistress and Miss Rosa into a fit of the high-spirits if they seen you."

Although Dick did not at all understand the meaning of these orders, he set out to obey them, comprehending at least that he was to get the cloak, saddle-bags and a decanter of brandy, without letting any one know anything about it, if possible, which he thought would be a rather difficult task; but he determined to do his best; and, in the meantime, Frank went on with his questions to Thompson.

"And how did the boat get adrift, Mr. Thompson?" said he. "Whar was that good for nothin' lay Injin; I always knew he warn't no account, and I wonder what Mass Robert lets him sitt about here for. Did she drift down the lake?"

"Oh, no," said Thompson, "she drifted up, of course." And Frank went on asking a hundred other questions, which were either evaded or passed over without revealing the truth. At length, however, the return of Dick with the articles sent for, released Thompson from further perplexity, and taking the decanter, he raised it to his mouth and took a hearty draught; for he was shivering, and scarcely felt the strength of the liquor in his want of a stimulus.

"The Lord! Mister Thompson," cried Frank, as he heard the brandy go gurgling down, "you'll kill yourself."

"Never do you fear," replied Thompson, as he finished, and replaced the stopper; "I expect you would like to have a chance to commit suicide the same way." He then proceeded to change



THE DEATH OF GUSTAVE.

[DEC. 27, 1856.]

his dripping garments for others, which he took from his leather jacket. "Now, boys," said he, catching up the decanter, "come on as fast as you can;" and he proceeded at a rapid rate towards the bayou, followed by Frank and Dick, in wondering astonishment. They soon reached the skiff, which lay fastened to the stern of the yacht, and jumping in, Thompson seated himself at the stern and the negroes took the oars, a few strokes of which propelled them into the open lake.

"Now, boys," said Thompson, "if you love your young mistress, pull for your lives! for that sneaking yaller hound of an Indian has run off with her in the yawl!"

The two faithful fellows, too much astonished to express their indignation, bent to their oars with such hearty good will, that the light skiff flew like lightning over the lake under their powerful and steady strokes, the earnest manner of Thompson and their own anxiety effectually repressing their usual garrulity.

The moments of Thompson's absence, after they had lost sight of him, had of course passed away to Lawton and Harry in painful and lingering suspense. The hopes his suggestions and remarks had awakened in their breasts, gradually became fainter and fainter, in the absence of the warm-hearted and sympathizing inspirer of them; and the conversation, by which each endeavored to keep up his own spirits by suggesting every possible ground of hope, at last died completely away, and a gloomy silence settled upon both, which lasted for a considerable time. Suddenly, however, it was broken by the low but distinct report of a gun, which came sounding over the waters of the lake in the direction in which the yawl had disappeared from their anxious gaze.

Springing to his feet in an instant, with a gleam of hope irradiating his before desponding face, Lawton exclaimed:

"By Heavens! that is my gun; and I should not be surprised if my brave Kate had shot the black-hearted villain. Oh! if it should only be so," and he again paced the beach in the wildest agitation.

"But," said Harry, "how could such a thing possibly be?"

"Very easily," replied Lawton; "my gun was lying in the stern of the boat, and, if the scoundrel did not know or forget that she could use it, and gave her an opportunity of doing so, my life upon it, she embraced it. Oh! that the skiff would come in sight!"

Impatient for Thompson's arrival as they had been before, it may be readily supposed that the two gentlemen were now almost insupportably so. Standing on the extreme verge of the island, they strained their eyes in the lessening light in the direction of the expected boat, and listened eagerly for the sound of her oars. They were soon heard, and the skiff was seen emerging from the broad belt of radiance which the setting sun had thrown over the lake. In a few moments, which seemed like hours to the intensely excited couple who awaited her arrival, she touched the shore, and they sprang on board.

Hastily imparting to Thompson his impressions and hopes regarding the report of the gun, which had also been audible in the skiff, Lawton took the steering oar, and again the light craft, under the redoubled exertions of Frank and Dick, now nerved to their greatest efforts by the adjurations and encouragements of their master and their own deep anxiety, sped over the lake, leaving a streak of foam in her wake. So intense was the excitement, and so high wrought the feelings of the whole party, that not a single word was uttered, and they awaited the *dénouement* in silent and almost breathless suspense. Mile after mile was passed over, and notwithstanding the coolness of the night, the perspiration rolled in streams from the dark faces of the still unwearied oarsmen, when all at once, Thompson, who was in the bows of the skiff, exclaimed,

"There's the yawl, by jingo! and not a single soul in her."

At these disheartening words, all eyes were turned in the direction of the speaker's extended arm; and there, in truth, at the distance of two or three hundred yards, lay the yawl, plainly visible in the moonlight, and apparently deserted, with her sail lowered and adrift in the lake, undulating in the light swell which agitated the waters. Slowly sinking back upon the seat from which he had risen, Lawton beckoned to the rowers to proceed, and, covering his face with his hands, he groaned aloud, his hopes vanishing, and the conviction that his daughter was lost to him forever settling once more upon his soul.

The energies of the negroes seemed also to have deserted them in their disappointment, and with relaxed efforts they pulled slowly towards the drifting yawl. As they approached it still nearer, another ejaculation broke from Thompson. Again all eyes, which had been lowered in gloomy despondency, were directed towards it, and they beheld a sight in which their late emotions of grief and disappointment were swallowed up in present horror and despair; for there, upon the stern-seats of the boat, lay the object of their search, the inanimate and motionless form of Kate Lawton.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,
Left in that dreadful hour alone;
Perchance her reason stoops and reels,
Perchance a courage not her own,
Braces her mind to desperate tone.—SOOTT.

WHEN Kate beheld her lover spring from her side, indignant at her heartless trifling with his feelings, her conscience again smote her and she felt ashamed of her conduct. With her eyes fixed upon his retreating form, she felt strongly inclined to call him back—an impulse, which nothing but the pride prevented her from yielding to; when, suddenly, she felt the boat, in which she was sitting, gliding noiselessly from the shore, and, turning her eyes from Harry, she saw the Indian in the act of springing into it. Before she had time to form a conjecture of the meaning of that, to her, unaccountable proceeding, he had hoisted and set the sail, and, corning aft, seized the tiller with one hand, whilst with the other he lightly grasped her arm. Then, indeed, as she marked the triumphant and exulting expression which had settled upon his face, did an undefined sense of the horrible position, into which her own folly had plunged her, rise in her mind, and then did she utter those piercing cries for assistance, which had brought her father and his companions to the shore, too late, indeed, to render her any assistance, but soon enough to see and comprehend her helpless and heartrending situation.

Scarcely, however, had her last agonizing scream been uttered, when the Indian, quitting the tiller, threw his arms around her for the purpose of stifling her cries; but this he soon found unnecessary, for, at the first perception of that rude and revolting touch, sense and sensation at once deserted the terrified and outraged maiden; and she sank fainting in the arms of her abhorred companion. Laying her insensible form upon the seat of the yawl, he resumed the tiller, and as the boat shot rapidly up the lake, he turned and saw his kind patron and his companions, just reaching the shore and gazing towards him; and then his fierce exultation broke forth in a taunting and triumphant yell.

Proud and triumphant were indeed his sensations; for, in a moment least expected, he had supplanted his detested pale-faced rival; and the daring attempt he had so long contemplated, was now in the course of successful achievement in his sight, with scarcely a chance of being defeated. Gustave had sprung from the yawl, when she first touched the shore, with the painter, or the purpose of drawing her up and securing her on the beach, and then following the party to the bayou. Whilst so doing he heard Kate express her determination of remaining, and he instantly resolved to do so also if he could find any possible pretext. The short and exciting colloquy between herself and Harry then ensued, and, with emotions of wild joy and hope, he saw the latter spring from the boat and walk hastily off. He then felt certain that the fate of the beautiful and worshipped being before him was in his hands. There she sat a lone in the boat, with the management of which he was perfectly conversant, entirely unconscious and unsuspecting of the dreadful danger she was in. A trifling exertion on his part would launch the yawl, and, long before any assistance could come to the party left on the uninhabited island, he could reach the spot where his accomplice awaited his arrival, mount their horses and soon be out of the reach of pursuit.

Rapidly as this audacious plan had been conceived, it was no less promptly and boldly put into execution, and the daring savage and his unconscious and unwilling companion were soon speeding swiftly over the lake, completely out of the reach of his now baffled and enraged enemies. The deathlike swoon of Kate continued so long that the enamored Indian began to fear she would never revive, and that her senseless corpse would be the only prize of his hardy attempt. Stooping over the side of the yawl, he filled the hollow of his hand several times with the clear cool water of the lake, and sprinkled it over the maiden's face, and he soon had the satisfaction of seeing that pallid hue disappear from it in symptoms of returning animation. Slowly Kate recovered her consciousness, sufficiently to comprehend once more her terrible jeopardy, and she had then nearly again relapsed into insensibility; but, recovering herself with a strong effort, she endeavored to assume a fearless aspect and demanded of the Indian what he meant by his conduct. Receiving no answer except a look and a smile, full to her of horrible meaning, her pretended firmness gave way, and, weeping bitterly, she besought her captor, in the most

moving terms, to restore her to her parents, promising that the outrage should be forgotten, and that he should be magnificently rewarded, and using every argument and inducement her imagination could suggest. She reminded him of the kindness he had experienced, and assured him of the terrible and certain vengeance which must overtake him if he persisted in his designs, and her father would follow him to the ends of the earth.

Far from having the effect she hoped for, her moving and passionate appeals for mercy only confirmed the savage in his purpose, and increased his passion for the lovely suppliant, who, he thought, had never before looked so beautiful, as with streaming eyes and disheveled hair she now implored his pity. He plainly avowed his love and his intention of making her his wife; boasting, in true Indian style, of his courage and skill, and success in hunting, and of the comforts and luxuries those qualities would insure her. Many Indian maidens, he said, had sought his love, and he painted in glowing terms the proud position she would occupy as the wife of so brave and accomplished a chief. As for the pursuit she threatened, he laughed at it, as, before it could be even commenced, he would be far on his way to the Sabine, and, once over that river, he would seek the protection of a powerful and warlike tribe, into whose territory no white man dare penetrate. He concluded by advising her to submit to his inevitable fate, promising that she should never be called upon to perform any of those menial and laborious duties demanded from Indian wives, but lead a life of indolence and ease.

Perceiving the utter hopelessness and inefficacy of further entreaty and exhortation, Kate ceased both; and, as hope died away in her heart, courage arose in its place, and she inwardly determined, if no other alternative remained, to sacrifice her own life rather than submit to the revolting designs of the savage. Bitterly did she now lament her folly and deplore the fatal infatuation which had led to such terrible results; and the recollection of the anguish and despair, in which her parents and lover must now be plunged on her account, added another and sharper pang to her distress. The more she pondered on her situation, the more certainly hopeless did it appear. Night was approaching, and her father and friends left on the island without any means of reaching their home or the main land. True, it was probable that at last her mother would become alarmed and send in search of them, but then the night would be far spent, and the thought of being alone at such a time, with her dreaded and detested companion, almost unnerved her reason, and tempted her, by plunging into the lake, to end at once her present distress and the far greater horrors which awaited her. It was then the pious teachings and precepts of her excellent mother awoke in her mind and banished the rash and impious thought, and throwing herself upon her knees, in the bottom of the boat, she breathed forth a fervent though silent prayer to her heavenly Father for protection and support to her dreadful and awful emergency.

As Kate slowly raised her head from that earnest and heartfelt adjuration, her eyes fell upon her father's gun, which had hitherto lain unobserved and unnoticed against the stern seat of the yawl. At the sight a gleam of hope glanced through her mind, and in her highly-excited feelings she imagined that the Protector, whose aid she had just invoked, had pointed out to her as a means of deliverance, that familiar weapon, although she could not at present see how it was to be used. She recollects hearing her father say that he had taken it along in hopes of getting a shot at the ducks, which now began to swarm in the lake. Oh, she thought, if it were only in her hands, and the Indian in the other end of the boat, instead of by her side, how completely would their positions be reversed, and how soon would he, instead of her, become the suppliant!

The yawl was now rapidly approaching that part of the lake shore near which Gustave's companion awaited the coming of his chief with a patience only found in his race. As she came still closer, the elated Indian sprang forward to lower the sail, preparatory to landing. The silence of Kate had deceived him into the belief that she was in reality endeavoring to follow his advice and reconciling herself to what she now saw she could not avoid. He, too, had seen the gun, but without any other thoughts than of its being a trivial accessory to his good fortune in securing his invaluable prize, and, without dreaming that his victim would attempt to defend herself with it—as he was entirely ignorant of her knowledge of the use of it, her practising having taken place in his absence.

The keel of the boat grated on the sand and pebbles of the shore. Gustave again sprang out with the rope, and as he touched the ground, he raised his hand to his mouth and quavered forth another loud and ringing yell, as a signal to his accomplice. He then turned to draw the yawl farther up upon the beach; but this he never accomplished, for, as he had stepped forward, Kate saw the opportunity for which she prayed present itself, and instantly and fearlessly did she avail herself of it, and nerve her mind for the coming and decisive moment which was to release her from her horrid thralldom, or extinguish her hopes for ever. Stooping from her seat, she grasped the gun, and, raising it to her shoulder, levelled it at the unconscious and unsuspecting savage, who, as he turned after uttering his signal cry, saw the deadly tubes pointed at his breast with a steadiness that might have convinced him his life hung upon their report.

"Now, villain," cried the excited but determined girl, "now you are in my power. Instantly push the boat back into the lake, and if you hesitate, or attempt again to enter it, that moment will be your last, for I will shoot you like a dog."

For a moment the savage paused, more in admiration of the brave bearing of the heroic girl, than in fear of the dangerous weapon with which she menaced him. But it was only for a moment, for his pride, as well as his love, was too deeply aroused to permit himself to be arrested in his successful course by the threats of a girl, even had he been fully sensible of the deadly risk he encountered. Dropping the rope which he held, he made a spring into the bows of the boat, but scarcely had his feet touched its planks, when the deafening report of the gun sounded in his ears, and he felt the charge enter his breast. Catching a moment at the empty air, he fell back heavily, bleeding and senseless on the sand, which soon became crimsoned beneath him.

Steadily had Kate kept the muzzle of the gun directed towards the breast of her fierce and unrelenting admirer, and steadily and unblanchingly did her eye glance along the barrel, watching his every movement; for she felt that more than life now depended upon her firmness in improving the opportunity thus providentially afforded her of defeating the Indian's audacious designs. She marked his momentary pause, and then the expression of determination which his swarthy countenance assumed, and she braced herself for the crisis. It came. She met it bravely, and saw her persecutor sink beneath the certain aim the courage of desperation had nerve her to take. When, however, she became sensible from the awful change which came over the face of the savage, its horrid contortions, and the clutching of his hands, as he stood for a moment glaring fiercely at her after she had fired, that she had most probably taken a human life, the awful thought seemed to paralyze body and mind, and again reason seemed about to desert her. Letting fall the fatal weapon, she pressed her hands upon her brow and eyes, as if to shut out from sight and recollection the dreadful reality, and, sinking down upon the seat, remained for some moments perfectly silent and motionless. Deep sobs at length burst forth from her overcharged bosom, and bending forward she again sank upon her knees, and in broken tones poured forth a petition to Heaven for further aid and support.

Her prayers were not in vain; and, by degrees, she recovered her faculties, and addressed herself to a consideration of the circumstances in which she was now placed. To get the yawl afloat and removed as far as possible from the blood-stained scene of her escape, was of course her first object, and to do this it was necessary for her to pass through another revolting ordeal. The body of the Indian had fallen backwards out of the boat upon the sand, and the legs from the knee down still hung on the inside of the boat. These were to be removed or the body would be dragged into the lake as the boat receded from the shore; and the bare idea of touching those stiffening limbs was horrible in the extreme. At last, however, with averted eyes, the trying task was accomplished by the aid of the boat-hook or pole, and the encumbering limbs fell slinkily on the beach. It then required all her strength to push the yawl out with the same pole, which she could not have succeeded in doing at all had the boat been hauled up, and not merely affixed to the shore by the slight hold which it took by its own impetus in landing. But this, too, was effected, and the yawl glided out into the lake, leaving the prostrate form of the fierce spirit which had so lately guided its movements, bleeding and inanimate upon the shore.

It was now nearly dark, and as the yawl slowly floated out, Kate involuntarily cast her eyes again towards the motionless body of the savage, and felt that the courage and resolution which had supported her through the ordeal she had passed, were now about to desert her in the moment when the escape for which she had struggled seemed certain and secure. And so it was; for her courage and resolution ceased with the danger which had inspired them, and, in the reaction which of course took place, her brain reeled and she sank again in a second and deeper swoon in the stars of the yawl.

The death-like trance that succeeded this relapse into unconsciousness lasted until, as before related, the drifting yawl was discovered by Thompson in

the skiff. As the two boats came together, Lawton sprang forward, with a cry of grief and despair, expecting to seize in his arms the lifeless form of his idolized daughter; but as he clasped her to his breast, he felt that the warm blood still coursed through her veins, and that animation, though suspended, was not extinct. It was some time, however, before the united efforts of all could restore sensation to the recovered girl. But the brandy, which Thompson had brought along, proved a powerful auxiliary. With it her brow and face were bathed, and her chilled hands and feet chafed, and every other means resorted to which their knowledge and anxiety suggested, and which at last were partially successful. A deep sigh announced returning sensibility, and soon afterwards she opened her eyes and gazed for a moment wildly and vacantly around her. Mind and body, however, had been too deeply taxed to admit of a speedy recovery from her protracted swoon. A fit of hysterical sobbing succeeded her partial return to consciousness, and all saw that it would be in vain to expect from her any account of her escape or of the fate of the missing Indian, for some time.

But though this was prevented by her distressing situation, there were yet strong indications near them that the surmises of Lawton regarding the report they had heard, were most probably very near the truth. The gun itself lay in the bottom of the boat near where Kate had reclined with one barrel discharged, and in the bows were several large spots of blood, which, as she was uninjured, must have been shed by the savage. The rope or painter of the yawl, though towing in the water, which had washed it partly away, had been evidently also deeply stained. Whilst Lawton returned to the island with his rescued but still unconscious child, Thompson determined to take the skiff and examine the shores of the lake in the vicinity, from which had proceeded the report of the gun, and Harry also resolved to accompany him. The two boats then separated; the skiff ascending the lake and Lawton, holding his daughter wrapped in his cloak in his arm, steering for home.

Mrs. Lawton and Ross had in the meantime become dreadfully alarmed; for, stealthily as Dick had executed his orders, he had, nevertheless, been seen by one of the female servants; and when at last night came on, and his mistress, becoming uneasy at the protracted stay of the pleasure party, sent for the men servants to make some inquiries, neither of them was to be found, and then of course the whole story of the taking of the cloak, saddle-bags and brandy came out. Totally unable to account for so singular a circumstance, of course the fears of the ladies took a thousand different forms, prominent among which was the dreadful apprehension that one or the other of the absent dear ones had fallen into the lake and had been lost, and that the rest of the party were searching for the body. Mother and daughter were now subjected to suspense almost as agonizing as that experienced by the father and lover, much about the same time.

This heart-rending apprehension, of course, lasted for some time, long indeed after the fears of the others had been almost entirely removed. At length figures were seen in the moonlight approaching the house, and Lawton was distinguished bearing Kate in his arms. For a moment it seemed certain that their worst fears were realized, but in another they were reassured, for the father called out that nothing serious was the matter, but that Kate had been frightened and had fainted. Evading any answer to their numerous anxious questions, he carried the still helpless form of his daughter into her room and laid her upon the bed; and it was not until the tender and skilful cares of her mother and sister, aided by the restoratives now at hand, had brought her back to consciousness, and she had fallen in a calm sleep under the influence of restoratives administered to her, that Lawton related to his shocked and astonished wife and daughter the dreadful peril which their dear relation had so lately incurred, and from which she had so unaccountably escaped. All night long father, mother and sister kept watch by the bed of the sufferer, and many were the thanks offered to Heaven for her escape, and fervent the prayer for her perfect recovery.

(To be continued.)

ABOUT MISERS.

THE following interesting account of these curious "fossils" we find in the Newark *Advertiser*:

There died at Paris in the year 1799, (says the author of the charming work, "Salad for the Social,") literally of want, the well known banker, Osterveld. A few days prior to his death he resisted the importunities of his attendant to purchase some meat for the purpose of making a little soup for him. "True, I should like the soup," he said, "but have no appetite for the meat; what is to become of that? it will be a sad waste." This poor wretch died worth £125,000 sterling. Another desperate case was that of Elwes, whose diet and dress were alike of the most revolting kind, and whose property was estimated at £800,000. Daniel Dancer's miserable propensities were indulged to such a degree that on one occasion when, at the urgent solicitation of a friend, he ventured to give shilling to a Jew for an old hat—"better as new"—to the astonishment of the friend, the next day he actually retailed it for eighteen pence. He performed his ablutions at a neighboring pool, drying himself in the sun to save the extravagant indulgence of a towel; yet this poor mendicant had property to the extent of upwards of \$3,000 per annum.

The well known Nat Bentley, (*alias* Dirty Dick,) of London, was the victim not only to a craving for gold, but for old iron. Another deplorable case might be cited, that of Tom Pitt, of Warwickshire. It is reported that some weeks prior to the sickness which terminated his despotic career, he went to several undertakers in quest of a cheap coffin. He left behind him £2,475 in public funds. Another instance is that of the notorious Thomas Cook. On his physician intimating the possibility of his not existing more than five or six days, he protested against the useless expense of sending him medicine, and charged the doctor never to show his face to him again. His property was estimated at £130,000.

Sir William Smith, of Bedfordshire, was immensely rich, but most parsimonious and miserly in his habits. At seventy years of age he was entirely deprived of his sight, unable to gloat over his hoarded heaps of gold. He was persuaded by Taylor, the celebrated oculist, to be cauterized—who was, by agreement, to have sixty guineas if he restored his patient to any degree of sight. Taylor succeeded in his operation, and Sir William was enabled to read and write without the aid of spectacles during the rest of his life. But no sooner was his sight restored than the baronet began to regret that his agreement had been for so large a sum. His thoughts were now how to cheat the oculist. He pretended that he had only a glimmering, and could see nothing distinctly; for which reason the bandage on his eyes was continued a month longer than the usual time. Taylor was deceived by these misrepresentations, and agreed to compound the bargain, and accepted twenty guineas instead of sixty. At the time Taylor attended him he had a large estate, an immense sum of money in the stocks, and £5,000 in the house.

A miser of the name of Foscue, who had amassed enormous wealth by the most sordid parsimony and discreditable extortion, applied his ingenuity to discover some effectual way of hiding his gold. With great care and secrecy he dug a cave in his cellar. To this receptacle for his treasure, he descended by a ladder, and to the trap-door he attached a spring lock, so that on shutting, it would fasten of itself. By-and-by the miser disappeared; inquiries were made; the house was searched; woods were explored, and the ponds were dragged; but no Foscue could they find. Some time passed on. The house in which he had lived was sold, and workmen were busily employed in its repair. In the progress of their work they met with the door of the secret cave, with the key in the lock outside. They threw back the door, and descended with a light. The first object upon which the lamp reflected was the ghostly body of Foscue, the miser, and scattered around him were heavy bags of gold, and ponderous chests of untold treasure; a candlestick lay beside him on the floor. This worshipper of Mammon had gone into his cave to pay his devotions to his golden god, and became a sacrifice to his devotion.

THE case of Dred Scott, plaintiff, vs. John F. A. Sandford, has come up for argument in the U. S. Supreme Court, on questions of law. The plaintiff, a man of color, brought a suit to try his right to freedom. He claims having been emancipated by his master, having taken him to reside in Illinois, which act, it is declared by the Constitution of that State, operated to emancipate him. The Circuit Court decided against the plaintiff on the ground that by his return to Missouri, his master's right, dormant whilst in Illinois, had revived, and that the Constitution of Illinois was a penal law, which the courts of other States were not bound to enforce. The case was argued at the last session, but the decision was reserved to allow of arguments on certain points of law.

THE ACCOMMODATING JUDGE.

THERE is a spirit in the sons of the far west, which we can trace through all ages and almost every clime, as having peculiarized those living midway between savage and civilized life; and, though their fearless encounters with death must rank it under the name of chivalry, there is often a mixture which, in polite society, we would term felonies, or mayhap something harsher.

The incongruous compound may better be explained by the following anecdote, in which I shall consider myself in the place of a deceased friend from whom I heard it.

While on the frontier of Texas, several years since, I stopped at a small town and put up at a tavern where the luxury of the table more than compensated for the smallness of the house. My supper was prepared and I seated myself to partake of it. I had hardly done so, when the door opened and a huge mass of a man entered. His head was bound by a check handkerchief of cotton, tied in a bow-knot in front, and from beneath its edge behind stuck a rough and bristly mass of jet black hair. His body was protected from the weather by a tight-fitting buckskin hunting-shirt; while leggings and moccasins of the same material enveloped his legs and feet; a belt of undressed deer-hide buckled about his waist supported two pistols of huge dimensions, and from it was suspended a leather scabbard containing a knife, the handle of which was a fearful token of its length. He placed his rifle in a corner, and took off the belts which hung over his brawny shoulders, suspending his shot-pouch and powder-horn, which were curiously wrought and told of a Mexican artist. Having thus partly unb burdened himself, he pulled a stool near the fire, for the night was damp and chilly, and slapping his muscular hands on his thighs, seemed to peer with his keen eyes into the crackling fire, which roared up the wide chimney.

Naturally unobtrusive, I noticed him no farther, and was fully engaged in my meal, when the knife and fork fell from my hand as I heard his thunder voice fall upon my ear, and, in spite of myself, a tremor stole through my body as I heard the awful tone with which he spoke the last word.

"Landlord, gi' me some liquor—I have some money."

The landlord glanced at his guest and hesitated a moment, but the stranger raised his eyes; the effect was magical; in an instant the well-filled whiskey-bottle and tin tumbler were at his elbow.

"Landlord, hang that on the rifle; but stop, gi' me the knife first," and he handed the waist-belt, pistols and scabbard to the host, whilst he thrust his knife into the bosom of his hunting-shirt. As the inn-keeper was obeying the bidding of his strange visitor, the latter poured out the tumbler full of whiskey and tossed it off at a swallow.

"Landlord," he cried again, "I want something to eat—I've money for that too." There was a deep tone in his voice that disturbed me mysteriously.

The additional plate was placed on the table, and the stranger seated himself opposite to me. He had a fine face—a careless independence on it; but the courteous manner in which he asked, "I hope I ain't one too many here, stranger," excited my surprise. I assured him that I was pleased rather than otherwise, as I disliked eating alone.

"Enough said," answered he, "there's my fist," and we shook hands over the table. His appetite was in proportion to his bulk, and we discoursed but little until after supper, when he commenced a conversation in which he evinced a sound mind, although his language was rough and full of provincialisms.

During our talk I ingratiated myself in his favor, and in return for my politeness, he recounted many deer, wolf and bear hunts with such power that I was delighted. The conversation, however, flagged, as I fell into a train of musing on the very important business which had brought me to that country. A gloom gradually settled on the face of the stranger, from which I tried in vain to rouse him. He answered me courteously, to be sure, but very short; and every now and then had recourse to the bottle, till it was emptied.

"Landlord, fetch me more liquor," he called authoritatively, and he drank more and more, till finally he fell from his stool, and, as I retired to bed in another corner of the room, I heard his snoring ring through the cabin.

Being much fatigued, having travelled forty miles on horseback during the day, I slept till I felt a hand grasp my arm; opening my eyes, I beheld the sun shining through my window and the stranger awaking me.

"Stranger," said he, "excuse me, but I saw last night that you was a whole-souled fellow, and I want you to go with me."

"Where to?" I asked.

"The magistrate," he replied.

"What for?"

"I've got something on my mind—must out—I tried liquor last night; but couldn't keep it down. I ain't a drinking man no how, and feel like a dog. Come along with me and be my friend."

There was a bold frankness in his manner that I could not withstand. I accordingly arose and equipped myself, and we walked to the house of the magistrate, who sent word that he would be up in a couple of hours.

"But tell him," said my companion to the servant, "I want to see him on a matter of life and death!"

"Da's no use o'dat," grinned the slave, "massa don't care 'bout life and death till he get his sleep out."

We left the house, but John Rox, as he called himself, did not allude to his pressing business more than to say, "When we see the Judge you'll know all."

We returned to breakfast, and I observed my companion refuse the morning dram presented to him by the landlord, and eat sparingly. Something was evidently preying on his mind, and I anxiously awaited the hour to hear it developed.

The time came, and we were admitted to the presence of the dispenser of justice, who was a man of wealth, good spirits, and rotundity of person.

"Well," said the judge, "what's the matter?"

"Why you see," said Rox, "day before yesterday I staid at 'C.' all day, and hadn't a confounded cent, and as I wouldn't chisel, I went without eating. Yesterday morning I started off as hungry as a panther, and as I rode along, thinks I what am I to do? I'm above cheating any man out of a dinner, but dinner I must have. Just then a fellow comes riding along the road. I talked to him and tried to borrow, swearing to pay him at such a place in a week; but the critter told me he paid his way out of his own pocket, and he'd too little to divide."

"How much have you got?" says I.

"Two fifty," says he.

"Now," thinks I, "that's too little to divide." So, while he was looking another way, I shoots him through the head and gin him as decent burial as I could under an old log, and took the two dollars and a half. But it won't do, my conscience misgives me. I'm sorry for it, and wish that feller had his money back if he could only be alive; but between you and I, as it's too late for that, I think I ought to be hung."

The judge called his black boy, ordered three pipes and tobacco, and we smoked in silence.

"Then you really think you ought to be hung," he asked with some compassion, as he whiffed a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling.

"I do in fact," answered John, emitting a similar volume of the same gas.

The judge smoked and considered again.

"Well, we'll try to hang you," he added.

There was gratitude in John's eye, as he answered,

"Thank you, that'll ease my conscience."

The judge knocked the ashes from his pipe, and spoke,

"Well, come here in half an hour. I'll try to get a jury." Rox and myself lying our pipes on the table, were about leaving when the judge asked us to take a drink, which having done, we bade him good morning.

In half an hour we returned, when we found twelve men, smoking and drinking with the magistrate, awaiting us. We were politely requested to sit down.

"Now," said Judge T., addressing himself to Rox, "tell these gentlemen what you have already told me."

Whereupon, Rox made the same statement.

"Now, gentlemen," continued the first speaker, "I wish you to say whether this gentleman—Rox, your name is—oh!—well—there's some fine old brandy, make yourself perfectly at home—whether, gentlemen, you find John Rox guilty of murder. In addition to what he has said, I have sent out and found the body just as he has described."

The jury smoked, rose up, took a little brandy and water, and smoked again, till at last one of them, who appeared to be the foreman, said,

"The case is tolerably clear, and we rather think he's guilty."

"There's more tobacco on the table," said the judge to Rox, "the best you can find anywhere—you've heard what these gentlemen have said—well, I don't like to tell you in my own house; but—"

"Let there be no hindrance," replied John, lighting his pipe.

"Well, then," said the judge, "come here at twelve o'clock tomorrow, and I'll have you hung."

John looked disconcerted, and appeared mortified at the idea of asking a favor.

"You have been so kind to me," said he, "that I hardly dare ask you for anything more."

"Not at all," said the judge, "out with it, you are welcome to it before you ask."

"Well," said Rox, "I will—to-morrow is my auge day, and the shakes come on at eleven—if you would be so good as to hang me at ten."

"With the greatest pleasure," answered the good-hearted judge, shaking John's hand, "ten let it be."

Accordingly, John returned to the inn—paid up his bill—and the next morning was hung as the clock struck ten.

POETICAL CURIOSITY FROM BIBLICAL TEXTS.

CLING to the Mighty One,	Ps. lxxxix. 19.
Cling in thy grief;	Heb. xii. 11.
Cling to the Holy One,	Heb. 1, 12.
He gives relief.	Ps. cxvi. 9.
Cling to the Gracious one,	Ps. cxvi. 5.
Cling in thy pain;	Ps. lv. 4.
Cling to the Faithful One,	1 Thes. v. 24.
He will sustain.	Ps. xxviii. 8.
Cling to the Living One,	Heb. vii. 25.
Cling in thy woe;	Ps. lxxvi. 7.
Cling to the Loving One,	1 John iv. 16.
Through all below.	Rom. viii. 28, 3.
Cling to the Pardoning One,	Is. iv. 7.
He speaketh peace;	John xiv. 27.
Cling to the Healing One,	Exod. xv. 26.
Anguish shall cease.	Ps. cxlvii. 3.
Cling to the Bleeding One,	1 John, i. 7.
Cling to his side;	John, xx. 27.
Cling to the Risen One,	Rom. vi. 9.
In Him abide.	John xv. 4.
Cling to the Coming One,	Rev. xxii. 20.
Hope shall arise;	Titus, ii. 13.
Cling to the Reigning One,	Ps. xcvi. 1.
Joy lights thine eyes.	Ps. xvi. 11.

and received without the formality of teaching, than by any other method that could possibly be devised. But to render them valuable, open as well as close games must be played, gambits as well as Sicilian openings."

PUNCH ON CHESS.—The following will be relished by all chess players who are admirers of the Bard of Avon—and who is not?

THE SWAN ON THE CHESS-BOARD.

A new edition of Shakespeare is announced. It is to be edited by Mr. Staunton, the champion of the Chess ring. Our great chess player has, doubtless, many other qualifications for the work besides his *specialità*; but we are credibly informed that this also will be available in his dealings with "the divine Williams." We hear that Mr. Staunton has in his possession a diagram containing the game at chess which Ferdinand and Miranda were "discovered" playing in the Enchanted Island. Without foretelling the editorial gambit, we may mention that Ferdinand was playing the Allgaier or Algiers Gambit, which he had learned from one of the Tunis noblemen who came to fetch the Princess Claribel. Miranda, startled by the readiness with which her lover throws away his king's bishop's pawn, exclaims:

"Sweet lord, you play me false."

To which Ferdinand, in Mr. Staunton's restored text, replies:

"No, my dear love,

I world not for the world. You took my pawn,

As I intended, and I was a swan;

My king's knight, darling, to my bishop's third;

You push your pawns up to your king's knight's fourth;

And I respond by shoving up my pawn

To the fourth square in front of my king's rook;

The best thing you, admired Miranda, now

Can do, except to look at me, your slave,

Is to take my pawn, and give you my fifth.

True, my attack is strong, but, play you false,

As I have said, I would not for the world."

And then the innocently playful girl goes on, as in the received editions, to tell him that for a score of kingdoms he might cheat her. This is but one of many valuable additions which we might expect from Mr. Staunton, and we shall be very happy to receive his first volume.

G. E. F.—Your solution is correct.

J. H. G., Jr.—Mr. Marache offers a sincere apology for a too hasty examination of your problem in four moves. He overlooked that the black king, when checked with pawn, could advance to Q 6 instead of K 5. He should have replied to you ere this, only that his time has been otherwise engaged. He still asserts, however, that the problem in question admits of an obvious solution. The second version is, perhaps, the better one of the two.

"NELLIE"—Your problem is good, but the idea is not new. It will appear next week.

J. H. G., Jr.—Your last communication to Mr. Marache has been lying in our repertoire since its reception, for the simple reason that we have not seen him in the interim. We will send it to him forthwith. Your four-move problem is very fair.

INCOCITO.—Your problem is correct, but has no special beauty, as it is only a series of forced checks given without any means of defence.

GAMES BY CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE PHILADELPHIA AND NEW YORK CLUBS.

GAME FIRST.

New York against Philadelphia. Philadelphia against New York. WHITE. Sicilian Opening. BLACK. Scotch Gambit. NEW YORK. Philadelphia. Philadelphia. NEW YORK.

27 R tks Q 27 R tks R (ch) 27 K to K R 27 P to Q B 8
29 Q tks R 29 Kt to B 6 (ch) 30 K to B 8 31 R tks Q 29 Kt to Q 2

31 R to Q 2

PROBLEM LV.—By S. LOYD.—White to mate in four moves.

BLACK.

F. & M.

R. & M.

WHITE.

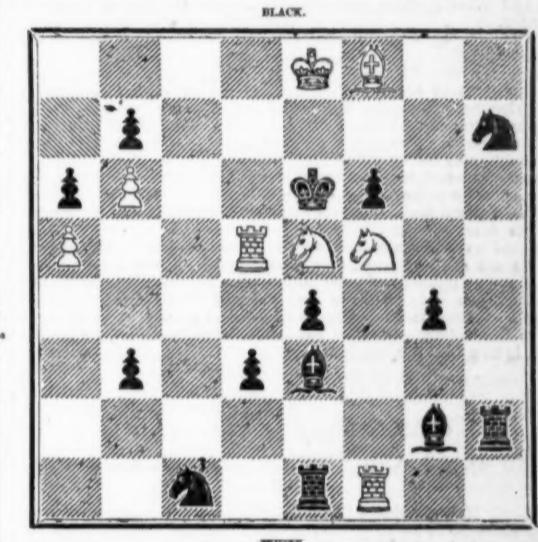
R. & M.

BLACK.

F. & M.

WHITE.

R. & M.



GAME LV.—PETROFF'S DEFENCE.—Consultation game between the EDITOR and Col. C. D. MIKAD, against Messrs. ROBERTS and MARACHE.

BLACK. WHITE. BLACK. WHITE. R. & M. R. & M. BLACK. R. & M. R. & M.

1 P to K 4 P to K 4 24 Q takes Kt P Kt to Q sq

2 Kt to B 3 Kt to B 3 25 Q to K 5 Q to her Kt 3

3 Kt

WEIGHING MACHINE AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE, CITY OF LONDON.

The object of this machine is to enable the Post-office authorities at St. Martin's-le-Grand to weigh, *en masse*, the letters and newspapers sent daily from the London office to the provinces—a work hitherto done in detail, at much cost of time to the duty. When it is borne in mind that not less than 71,000,000 newspapers per annum—or about 200,000 every day—pass through the Post-office, and that the average weight of each is not less than three ounces; and that the number of "book packets," exclusive of newspapers, which now pass through the London office, is at the rate of about 1,490,000 per annum, being an increase of more than a million, or of 273 per cent. on the number in 1854, and that the average weight of each packet is from 4 ozs. to 10 ozs.—it is quite clear that the application of machinery to the purpose must prove a desirable acquisition.

This new machine is placed opposite the superintendent's office at the north end of the building, in the track of the vehicles on leaving the yard. The platform is 12 ft. by 8 ft.; it is of cast iron, and is surrounded by a cast-iron kerb, which is secured to granite blocks by holding-down bolts, and forms a bond to those blocks, as well as a guard against their slipping and wearing away by the action of the vehicles passing over it. The platform and its kerbs are formed with projecting steads and ribs in such manner as to prevent the feet of horses from slipping, in whatever direction they are driven over it.

The steelyard which indicates the weight, is sustained by an iron frame composed of two pillars with connected base and entablature, and is placed across the window of the office in the Guards Department; where suitable desk and other fixtures are arranged for convenience of the clerk in charge.

The office being in the basement, whose floor is below the level of the roadway, the engineer has had to contrive his machinery so as to overcome the difficulties presented by so unusual a position. This has been so accomplished that no difference is presented to the eye between this weighbridge and one of ordinary construction, nor is any impediment created to the perfect freedom of its action. There is another peculiarity which is worthy of notice, namely—the reduction in the extent of masonry common in the erection of these apparatus: here we have merely the retaining walls of the rectangular pit; the fulcrum of the lever being sustained within those walls, and their supports deriving connection and additional strength from the iron kerb. The steelyard is suspended from compound levers, by means of which it and the other parts liable to wear by use are ungreased, and placed perfectly free from action, except at the moment of ascertaining the weight. The steelyard with its frame is exceedingly compact and simple in its construction and working, and takes up so little room as to offer no obstruction to the ordinary work of the office. The machine, we understand, is now in full operation.

CORNER FOR THE CURIOUS.

"THE SEAL" AND "PURSE" OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

THE Lord Mayor's show, London, calls into notice many curious things which go to make up the apparently absurd, yet (by the populace) demanded exhibition. We give in our accustomed corner for the curious representations of the "City Purse" and "City Seal" of the great modern Babylon.

THE CITY PURSE.

This interesting relic, kept as one of the insignia of office by the chamberlain of the city, consists of a tissue of buff silk and golden threads, and is embroidered on either side with armorial bearings of London, surrounded by antique foliage. The shields have quarterings of silver, and the cross is composed of red silk and gold. The bag has a red silk lining, and contains a number of old keys belonging to the common seal and money-lockers, many of which are really curious.

THE CITY SEAL.

When the second Richard wore the English crown, and aspired to govern, not on the grand popular system adopted by his mighty progenitors, but like the petty despot of continental Europe, a full assembly in the upper chamber of Guildhall (William Walworth—who struck down Wat Tyler—being then Mayor) unanimously resolved that the seal in use by the Lord Mayor, being very small, old, corrupt, and uncomely, should, for the honor of the city, be broken, and replaced with one worthy of the corporation. This seal, besides having on it the images of St. Peter and St. Paul, has under their feet a shield of the arms of the city, with two lions for supporters, and a sergeant-at-arms on either side. There are, moreover, two tabernacles, above which appear angels, between whom, and above Peter and Paul, is the Virgin Mary. The seal is now very indistinct from wear.



THE PURSE OF THE CITY OF LONDON.



WEIGHING-MACHINE AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE, CITY OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

THE TROY TIMES tells a sad story of the destruction of a young and lovely woman by intemperance. A few months since, a young lady of one of the first families of that city was married to a New York merchant, under circumstances most auspicious for the happiness of both. Lately she returned to her home in Troy, discarded by her husband on account of her mania for intoxicating drinks, and in a few weeks she died of brain fever, induced by her habits. The father of the young lady has been called upon, within three months, to mourn the death of a wife and daughter by intoxication; and a son, once noble and manly, whose highest nature has been perverted by the same cause.



THE LONDON POST-OFFICE WEIGHING-MACHINE.—THE VAN PASSING OVER THE TRAM.

A SAD EVENT.—Miss Anna M. Lachaise, daughter of James M. Lachaise of this city, died on board the Arago on the 3d inst., after a short illness from brain fever, aged nineteen years. This young lady was engaged to be married to a gentleman of this city, immediately on her arrival, and the bridal wreath was bespoken. To-day, the flowers that were to have adorned their nuptials are strewn upon the bridal bed of death! She was buried in her wedding robes. The delay in the arrival of the steamer caused some anxiety among those who had friends on board; and there was one who watched at the wharf until midnight on Friday, and when the good news was telegraphed—"the Arago is below"—he went home to his friends inexpressibly happy. The next morning, on going early to the ship to welcome the bride of his heart, he found that "the soul of his soul's idol" had just departed. The cold casket was there, but the beautiful jewel was gone. It is a sad thing, at best, to fix one's affections on those lovely, yet perishable beings, whose brittle hold on life—

"Is like the spider's thread,
That breaks at every breeze."

SALE OF BROWN & MCNAMEE'S STORE.—HIGH PRICE OF PROPERTY DOWN TOWN.—Bowen & McNamee's silk store, Nos. 112 and 114 Broadway, sold a few days since for \$200,000 cash. The lot is thirty-seven feet front by one hundred and forty-eight feet deep. Some twenty years ago this ground contained a fashionable hotel, but by the mutations of fortune it became converted into a tenement house, filled with some three hundred inmates.

A CONSTITUTIONAL AND RELIGIOUS QUESTION ON HOOPS.—The New York Post says that the omnibus drivers have raised the question of the right of four women, with their hoops, to occupy the whole of one side of an omnibus, to the exclusion of two passengers. The defense is thus stated in the Post: "On the other side it is urged—and not without some show of reason—that hoops are a religious institution, being, in fact, locomotive convents, in which unmarried females of mature years take refuge from the snares and temptations of the male world; and it being specially provided in the constitution that none shall be hindered or restricted in their religious privileges, it is contended that the bars of bone and steel, within which the female charms now move safely through the impatient atmosphere of the sterner sex, are as sacred to them, whether in or out of an omnibus, as the dingy gratings of the cloister, and are not to be disturbed."

THE VIRGINIAN EDITOR.—We see it stated that the difficulty which was expected to have ended in a duel, but was finally settled

without a fight, grew out of a recent article in Harper's Magazine, entitled "The Virginian Editor." That was rather a tough article. If we had been one of those editors who call themselves "national," we should have almost felt called upon to resent it as an insult to the fraternity. But being "sectional," we thought we would let "The Virginian Editor" fight his own battles.

A GERMAN CITY, inhabited by Germans, and built after the style of residences in Germany, is about being erected at Egg Harbor, N. J., to be called Egg Harbor City, and a meeting to take measures for assisting in its erection was held on Saturday. The property is to be owned entirely by Germans, and lots are to be sold to be paid for in installments, two dollars per month. It is the impression of the principal movers in the matter that they can, in the course of a few years, erect a large and prosperous commercial city at the place above-named. Everything is to be modeled in building, &c., after the style of the cities of Germany.

A NEW DANCE.—A Petersburg paper says, in select circles of Richmond society a new dance, bearing the name of "The Persian Ring," has just been introduced; it is somewhat amusing, and may be imagined from the following description: It begins by some six or eight couples waltzing; a chair is suddenly introduced into the centre, in which the first gentleman seats his partner. He then leads up and presents each of the other gentlemen in succession. If the lady rejects, the discarded retires behind the chair; but when the "right man" (as the old saying goes,) arrives, she

springs up, the tone and accent of the music are accelerated, and off she waltzes with the elected—the rest seize their partners, and the circle is continued. All in turn go through the process. Three chairs are then placed. A lady (in succession) is seated between two bearers, who immediately solicit her reluctant regard, till at length she gives herself to one, and waltzing is again resumed. A gentleman is then seated in a centre chair, hood-winked, and a lady takes the place on each side. In this perplexity of choice the Tantalus of the mirth remains, till by a sudden resolution he decides for right or left, uncovers the eyes, and waltzes away with the chance-directed partner, followed as before by the rest. The chairs are now triangular *dos à dos*, and three ladies are thus seated. The youths pace around them in a circle till each of the fair ones throws her handkerchief, and away they again whirl. The men then appear to deliver to each, but to no one alone is given, a ring, and the dance concludes by the ladies passing hand in hand through arches made by the extended arms of the gentlemen, and each seizes his partner, and once more swings around the circle. We have learned that this dance will be introduced in all the chief fashionable "hops" of the coming season.

MASTER-MASON'S OF ANTWERP.—A curious, and, I believe, peculiar custom still exists at Antwerp among the guild of masons. Henri Conscience, the great Belgian writer, who was perambulating the town with me, informed me as we passed their hall, that whenever a new master-mason was to be elected, it was necessary that, previously to being initiated into his somewhat important position, he should prove himself worthy the dignity about to be conferred on him, by pulling down and rebuilding with his own hands the facade of one portion of the building, which has consequently been re-erected innumerable times, though the remainder of the edifice is sufficiently venerable. If the candidate shrank from his trial, there was no alternative but to yield his claim.

A MAN named Charles Town has been arrested for forgery in Philadelphia. He appears to have been very bold in his operations, in one of which he forged a note and check, and drove to Bristol, and went with them to the Farmer's Bank. Bank hours were over—he visited the cashier's house and presented them, and the cashier, after some scrutiny, actually took the trouble to go to the Bank to get the money to pay the forged check. The audacity of this move is hard to equal.

"BOWERY" fashions are not permissible in the National Theatre at Cincinnati. The following notice is gravely appended to the regular newspaper advertisement of the establishment: "No person will be allowed to whistle, yell, or make improper noises. Pea-nut eating most positively prohibited. For the purpose of effectively securing good order throughout the house, efficient police officers, specially commissioned by the Mayor of said city, will be stationed in each circle, and rigidly enforce the above regulations by the immediate ejection of the offenders."

ALL the fine arts have a double purpose; they are destined both to please and instruct; the pencil of the painter, like the pen of the philosopher, ought always to be directed by reason and good sense. He must present to the understanding and judgment of the spectator, something more than is offered to the external eye; his heart will inspire him, kindle in his soul the divine flame that Prometheus is said once to have brought from the celestial regions.

TWO BOYS set out to throw a train off the Providence railroad, last week. One was a great scamp. He said, when arrested, that his calculations were that quite a number would be killed, and in the excitement and confusion he expected to reap a considerable sum, with which he proposed to leave for the West.



THE SEAL OF THE CITY OF LONDON.



KIT CORLING INTERRUPTS A BUSINESS TRANSACTION.—FROM "A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES."

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE LAST OF HIS RACE," "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE,"
"MINNIE GREY," ETC.

(Commenced in No. 52.)

CHAPTER XI.

Nature is pure in love; and where 'tis pure
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.—SHAKESPEARE.

MUCH to the dissatisfaction of Rebecca Bight, her mistress had arranged that Nancy, instead of seeking for mere slop-work in the city, should assist her in embroidering the handkerchiefs, the cambric for which she had purchased with a portion of the money derived from the sale of her trinkets, and that they should divide the profits between them.

A second and far graver cause of offence was that she had not been entrusted with the expenditure; for the seamstress, without betraying the suspicions which the hints of Kit had given rise to, had pointed out so clearly the advantage of their selecting the materials themselves, that she carried the point, despite the angry looks of the old domestic, who, presuming on her long and supposed faithful services, as well as the desolate position of Emma, had gradually assumed an influence amounting almost to an authority over her, which, if the friendless orphan ever ventured to resist, she contrived to assert by protestations of affection, mingled with reproaches and tears.

"She was a burthen, she knew she must be, to her dear young mistress," she would exclaim. "To be sure she had sacrificed the best years of her life in her's and her mother's service. But service was no inheritance, and none but a fool would look for gratitude in this world. She was quite ready to go to the poor-house, and die there."

All this wrung the heart of the affectionate girl severely; and she frequently sacrificed her better judgment to avoid a repetition of such scenes.

Several mornings when Nancy descended to her work she saw that her kind friend had been weeping, and from the sulky refusal of the nurse to partake of their simple breakfast, readily divined the cause.

Once or twice she asked herself if Kit had been as wrong in his surmise as at first she thought him.

"I cannot tell you how distressed I feel," observed Miss Cheerly, "at the conduct of Rebecca," who had quitted the lodgings as usual without joining their meal.

"It must be very trying," replied Nancy, drily. "At her time of life such conduct is foolish, if not wicked."

"Wicked!" repeated the young lady; "oh no! Nurse could not do any thing wicked. She is one of the most faithful creatures in the world, and would die to serve me. She loves me like her own child, and cannot endure that any one else should share my affection. I believe," she added, "the weak, fond creature is jealous even of you."

"And that you call love?" said the seamstress, plying her needle very rapidly.

"What else can it be?"

"Tyranny," replied the right-minded girl, "or something worse—hypocrisy."

Miss Cheerly felt so indignant at the insinuation, that she requested the speaker never to allude to the subject again, and for some time they continued to work in silence.

Nancy's heart and eyes were both full; she could not see to take the stitches properly, and once or twice pricked her fingers till the blood followed. She could endure it no longer.

"You are angry with me," she said, dropping the cambric on the table.

"Not angry," answered Emma, in a far kinder tone than the one she had previously spoken in; "but hurt at the unjust opinion you expressed of poor Rebecca, who is sufficiently punished in her unfortunate temper. She has no stay in this world but me."

"And how often has she rendered you incapable of exertion by the temper you speak of?" demanded the seamstress, who, feeling that she was in the right, determined at all risks to persevere. "Why does she quit the house nearly every morning after forcing a quarrel on you?"

"To recover her equanimity, no doubt," replied the former; "she always returns in a much better humor."

"And well she may," said Nancy, who had reasons for judging the conduct of the nurse in a far different light, "after a hearty breakfast."

"Breakfast!" repeated Miss Cheerly, reproachfully. "You know she has no money—that she refused to take any!"

"She must have very kind friends, then," observed Nancy; "for I have noticed on more than one occasion crumbs of bread upon her collar; and yesterday, only yesterday, I detected when she returned a morsel of egg, quite fresh, there."

"Impossible!"

"I trust you do not doubt my truth?" said the seamstress, gravely.

"No, no; that is impossible!" sobbed the agitated girl. "But it has pained me deeply."

And her tears fell fast and thickly.

Nancy threw the handkerchief she was working on the table, and falling on her knees, took the hands of Miss Cheerly in hers.

"Don't cry!" she exclaimed; "pray don't cry—it breaks my heart to see you weep; you who are so good, so patient—but I could not bear to see you made the victim of your own kind feelings. I should have known everything respecting Rebecca before this, but for my unfortunate explanation with Kit. Not that I regret acting as I have done; it was better for both of us. He would have found it all out—he is so clever, so persevering. After all," she added, distressed at the effect her words had produced, "your nurse may be able to explain her conduct; or perhaps I—I may have been—" She hesitated; not even to soothe the sorrows of her friend could the right-principled girl bring herself to utter a lie."

"Mistaken!" said Emma, hopefully.

Nancy remained silent: she knew that she had not been mistaken.

"I must be firm," continued the speaker; "but it is hard to find ourselves deceived by those we love."

"And better that you should make the discovery now that you have a true though humble friend by your side," added her companion, "than when alone in the world with Rebecca."

"True," said Miss Cheerly, embracing her. "The heart is like the vine: Providence supplies it with tendrils, which shoot forth and seek support against the storms of life."

When the old woman returned, which she did about noon, she found the speakers seated as usual at their work, plying their needles with patient industry. The features of her young mistress were calm, though, perhaps, somewhat paler than usual.

Removing her bonnet and shawl, she placed them on the bed, and seated herself, with the air of a person exceedingly fatigued, in the old arm-chair. Emma rose from her seat, and drawing a small table close to her, placed upon it a basin of milk and a roll of bread.

"Eat, nurse," she said; "I am sure you must require it."

"Never mind me," replied Rebecca, in a whining tone; "my troubles will soon be over."

"Of course they will," quietly observed Nancy, "if you persist in starving yourself."

"I have no appetite!"

"Perhaps you have already breakfasted?"

"Breakfasted!" repeated the woman, coloring slightly; "and where should I breakfast? I have not a friend in the world; not a creature who cares for me now," she added, with a marked emphasis upon the word.

"I care for you," said Miss Cheerly.

"You did."

"And do still," replied the young lady. "You cannot doubt it. My affection has stood the test of poverty and many trials. Come, Rebecca," she continued, in a winning tone, "cease this petulant, unkind conduct, which is so distressing to us both; so unworthy of you. Why embitter the humble meal which Providence has provided, by unkindness?"

In the fulness of returning confidence, the orphan had thrown her arm around the neck of her nurse, whose ill-humor already began to yield, when Nancy, who was standing behind the chair, silently pointed with her finger to several crumbs of bread upon the collar and front of Rebecca's dress. A sickening sensation came over her.

"Well! well!" said the old woman, "I'll try and eat."

"You must require it," she said, mastering her feelings.

"Alas, yes!"

"For you have taken nothing since yesterday?"

"Nothing," she repeated, "but a drink of water."

Miss Cheerly returned to her seat and quietly resumed her work. Fortunately she had sufficient fortitude to restrain all outward signs of the painful surprise and emotion the discovery had caused her. Nancy followed her example. Neither of them spoke, but both had found subject for meditation.

The aged hypocrite saw that something was wrong, and, conscious of the deception she had practised, felt alarmed. Innocence would have demanded an explanation—guilt avoided it. To hide her confusion she commenced the bread and milk before her with an affection of hunger which disgusted her young mistress, and more than once provoked a smile from the seamstress.

From that day, although the conduct of Emma to her nurse was still kind, it was no longer marked by weakness. The affection she entertained for her had received a severe shock. Rebecca quickly noticed the change, and, ignorant of the cause, she attributed it to the needlewoman; whom she began to hate as evil natures hate those who thwart them in their projects.

The refusal of Nancy to become his wife, even at the moment she confessed she loved him, set Kit Corling thinking. His first impressions had been those of anger and disappointment: these, however, soon gave way to a better state of feeling, for, as we before observed, the young carpenter had many good qualities and few positive vices; his sin was that of indifference.

From the window of his lodgings he watched her on the following morning

as she went to church, and felt half inclined to ask permission to accompany her; but shame, the false shame of confessing himself wiser to-day than he was yesterday, restrained him. How his companions would laugh, he thought, if they heard of it. No; he must give up Nancy, and seek a wife elsewhere. She was too straight-laced for him.

On the Saturday he presented himself as usual to escort her to the city. The seamstress received him as if no word of love had ever been spoken between them.

"Thank you kindly, Kit," she said, "but I do not require your services to-night."

"I am no longer to be your friend, then?" observed the carpenter, in a tone of mingled anger and disappointment. "Well, just as you like."

The eyes of the poor girl filled with tears.

"Good night," he added, turning away.

"Only see how hasty and unjust you are!" replied Nancy, laying her hand gently on his arm. "I am not going into the city, for I have no work to take home. If I had, you know how glad I should be of your protection."

"No work!" repeated the young man, sadly; "and yet you won't listen to me."

"You mistake," interrupted the girl. "None to take home; but I have been working all the week with Miss Cheerly, who has proved the kindest friend to me."

"The *kindest*, Nancy!" exclaimed Kit. "I thought another had done something to earn that title. No matter; she seems a good young lady, though almost as poor as yourself, and I dare say is the best friend you have ever met with."

"The only one."

"Only one!" repeated the carpenter.

"Yes," replied Nancy; "for you have proved more than a friend to me. From the time we became acquainted I no longer felt that I was alone in the world. I knew that I had some one to take an interest in my welfare—to watch over, to protect me, if necessary; and the conviction made me so cheerful that I worked with double courage, and counted the days till Saturday, when I should see you again."

"You are right," said the carpenter, delighted by the artless simplicity of the avowal; "and the man for whom you feel this must be something more than a friend."

"A brother."

"Or a husband," whispered the young man, catching her hand, which the seamstress never once thought of withdrawing from him. "Why should you continue to toil, slave, and expose yourself to insults, when I am able and willing to work for both of us? Say the word, one little word, and make me happy."

"I care not, Kit."

"Dare not."

"My principles forbid it," added Nancy. "Do not press me, I entreat you, Kit, upon the subject again. The words you spoke to me in the Bishop's Walk have haunted me all the week; I have heard them even in my dreams. There is something so sweet in the thought of being beloved, and the heart is so weak, that I tremble——"

"For its resolution, Nancy?"

"No, for its sufferings," replied the girl, with unshaken firmness; "and I know that you are too kind willingly to afflict me. Be generous, and urge me no more."

"I'll win her yet," thought the young man; "and let my friends laugh at me till they are tired, or the jest grows stale. I know who will have most cause to laugh."

"Well, well!" he said, speaking aloud, "I will not."

"You promise me?"

"Faithfully: that is, till you give me leave," he answered; "for, Nancy—I will not deceive you—I have set my heart on obtaining you for a wife; and when I have once made up my mind to a thing, as you know, I am not easily diverted from my purpose. There," he added, seeing how greatly she was distressed. "I have done; and till the time arrives for me to speak out again, I will be to you only as a friend—or, as you said just now, a brother."

He held out his hand; the seamstress took it, for she knew that she might rely on his word.

"Wait for me only a few minutes," she said, in a cheerful tone, "till I get my bonnet! Oh, Kit! your promise has made me so happy! I can talk to you freely now, and I have so much to say to you. But perhaps you are going to the dancing-rooms?" she added, gravely.

"I have given them up."

Nancy's heart beat at the words. If her influence over him was sufficient to wean him from them, what might it not ultimately achieve? She dared not ask herself the question.

In a very few minutes she returned, dressed in bonnet and shawl, and, taking the arm of her admirer, walked with him towards the bridge.

On her way she related the singular conduct of Rebecca, and the discovery she had made.

"I thought her a bad one from the first," observed the young man, "only

you defended her so warmly that I naturally thought I must be mistaken. Well, it was like you," he added, "and proved that your heart only was in error. Strange that it should not plead for me."

"Kit!" said the seamstress, holding up her finger by way of caution.

"I've done," he said.

"But what do you think I ought to do?"

"Leave her to me," replied her lover. "As I have given up dancing I shall require some occupation of an evening. I'll watch her like her shadow, and soon bring you intelligence of her movements. I can't get from my mind," he added, "the impression that the poor young lady has been made the dupe of her mistaken confidence."

"And I begin to suspect that it is so," observed Nancy.

"Then I am sure I am right."

"Why so?"

"Because you are always the last to suspect evil in any one," answered the carpenter. "Do you know, Nancy, how I first came to love you?—as a brother, of course. I don't break my word in speaking of that kind of love. No, you don't know. Well, then, I'll tell you. You recollect the two poor girls who lodged in Miss Cheerly's room?"

"I do, indeed, Kit. They were industrious and good when I first knew them."

"So they were. Well, then, when they—that is, when every one was speaking ill of them, with more reason than charity, perhaps, an unkind word never fell from your lips; and you more than pitied, you visited and consoled her. Many thought you wrong," he added; "but my heart told me that you were right."

"It was all I could do," replied the simple-minded girl. "The poor have little to offer to the poor beyond their sympathy."

"And that is everything," observed Kit.

The walk was extended farther than Nancy at first intended; but there was something so kind in the conduct of her companion, his manners towards her were so respectful and considerate, that she quite forgot the hour, and that Emma was expecting her to return to her work.

So long as the carpenter did not speak of love she thought herself safe; there could be no danger in listening to him. As it the blind god knew no other language than that of words! What flattery more delicate, or so likely to touch the heart of woman, as the silent homage which fears to offend—the admiration which restrains the expression of its feelings in her presence?

The seamstress little imagined that the promise her lover had made, and the fidelity with which he adhered to it, were felt, but more successfully, in his favor than all his own untaught eloquence could have done.

Before separating from him at the door of her humble lodging, Nancy consented to see him on the following evening—only for a few minutes, of course—to hear whether he had discovered any clue to the mysterious conduct of Rebecca.

It was not till the third night that he had anything of importance to impart.

"You must get your bonnet and come with me," he said, after shaking hands with her. "The old woman doubles like a fox; but I have earthed her at last!"

In a very few minutes the needlewoman joined him, ready dressed for a walk.

"We must ride," he said. "What?" he added, seeing that she hesitated; "afraid to trust yourself with me?"

"It is not that, Kit," she replied; "but what will the world say?"

"Just what it pleases!" exclaimed the young man. "Why need we care for its opinions, when we have nothing to reproach ourselves with?"

Nancy made no further objection, and the speaker, after placing her in a cab which he had kept waiting at the corner of the street, mounted the box with the driver, and they drove off.

Decidedly there was a tact and delicacy in the conduct of the carpenter calculated to win a woman's heart.

After driving at a rapid pace about half an hour, the vehicle stopped in Cheshire, and the young people descended.

"Take my arm," said Kit.

He was obeyed with a smile.

He led her down one of those narrow streets running towards the Thames, which were but little frequented after business hours in the City. A solitary policeman, one or two passengers, and several boys, were the only persons in it beside themselves.

"There," said her guide, pointing to the window of a long eating-house.

"Nearly opposite the gas-lamp."

Nancy looked in the direction indicated, and recognised Rebecca Bright, seated at a small table in company with a well dressed man attired in black. The remains of an excellent dinner and a decanter half-filled were before them.

"The hypocrite!" she exclaimed; "she may well refuse bread and milk at home when she can indulge in such luxuries. Why, Kit, I really do believe it is wine they are drinking!"

"No doubt of it."

"And her dear young mistress working like a slave at home! It would choke me. I detest such greediness and selfishness."

"I fear they are not the worst part of it," observed her companion.

The girl looked in his face inquiringly.

"Was not the father of Miss Cheerly rich?" added the speaker.

"I believe so," replied Nancy; "for I have more than once heard her speak of a bond that has been lost for five thousand pounds."

"Lost!"

"Yes."

"As the necklace was!" ejaculated the young man, who, as our readers have doubtless observed, war far from being deficient in natural shrewdness. "I'll tell you what it is, Nancy: in my opinion there is foul play going on, and I am determined to see the end of it. You must return and relate what you have seen to the poor, deceived young lady—that is, if you think she can command her feelings sufficiently not to betray herself to the nurse."

"And what do you intend to do?"

"I shall remain here, and watch the gentleman in black," he replied.

Kit led her back to the cab, and having previously paid the man, directed him to drive her back to Vauxhall.

It was past nine before Rebecca Bright made her appearance at the lodging. When she arrived she found both Emma and her humble friend closely occupied with their work. The countenance of the former she found was more than usually pale, but she attributed it to fatigue.

"She can't last many months longer," thought the hypocrite; "and then?" The word "then" implied an episode which time will doubtless unravel to our readers.

"I fear these long walks must fatigue you sadly, nurse," observed Miss Cheerly.

"They do, darling," replied the woman, "and that is why I take them. I can't sleep without, for thinking of our misfortunes; and even when I do sleep, I dream of them."

"We have kept your supper for you," added the young lady.

"I knew you would," said Rebecca, whose stomach loathed the idea of being compelled for appearance sake to partake of the humble fare their means afforded after the excellent supper she had indulged in. "It is but little I require; grief takes away the appetite."

"To say nothing of wine and fowl," thought Nancy, rising from her chair, to place the usual portion of bread and milk before her, from which the hypocrite turned with ill-concealed aversion.

"It is more than I require," she said.

"Impossible, nurse," replied Emma. "You take barely sufficient to sustain life."

"And yet how well and hearty she looks!" observed the seamstress, with a quiet smile. "I wish you had half her color. But perhaps it's the exercise she takes."

This was dangerous ground, and Rebecca, to avoid any further comments upon her appearance, began eating with an appearance of heartiness which pained the orphan deeply; for it convinced her how profound must be the system of deceit and falsehood which could induce the woman to act such a part, and set her worn brain upon the rack to divine the motive.

A tear—a solitary tear—stole down her pale cheek as she silently watched her. It fell like the seal upon the grave of broken confidence and affection for one whom she had loved from childhood.

It is painful, indeed, when such illusions are rent from the heart. It ages it even more than time—for it freezes the springs that nature intended should keep it in perpetual freshness.

That night, under pretence of working late at her embroidery, Miss Cheerly shared the room of Nancy—an arrangement her nurse by no means felt satisfied with; for, like most selfish beings, she was extremely attached to her own personal comfort, and preferred sleeping alone.

Had she known the motives which induced the orphan to avoid passing the night in the same chamber, probably she would not have slept so soundly.

The seamstress discovered—when too late—that the struggle between prin-

ciple and affection is a dangerous one; for even victory leaves painful scars. The many good qualities of Kit had made sad havoc with her affections; and she trembled at the discovery, which she regarded as a trial sent to prove her faith. Whilst she prayed against temptation and the weakness of her own heart, little did she imagine the change which was slowly operating in that of her lover—the change which Providence destined to be her reward.

The following Sunday, just after passing the lodgings of the carpenter on her way to church, Nancy was startled by a quick footstep evidently following her. She felt that it was his, on his way to some party of pleasure, perhaps, and the thought deeply pained her.

"Nancy," said the young man, "will you speak to me?"

She turned. Never had she seen him look so handsome; and yet there was an air of seriousness on his countenance which she did not exactly comprehend.

"Our paths, Kit," she said, "are different. Your Sunday is devoted to the world—mine to Him who made it. Let me pass on; do not disturb the peace of mind already too much agitated. If you have any regard for me, spare me this."

"You will not allow me to accompany you, then?" observed her lover, in a tone of disappointment.

"Accompany me!" repeated the astonished girl. "Where to?"

"To church, Nancy," replied Kit, drawing a prayer-book—evidently a new one—from his pocket. "I am not quite so thoughtless as you think me. I know there must be something good in the principles which have guarded you when others have fallen, which induced you to reject me as a husband even when you confessed that I was not indifferent, and I wish to study those principles. I cannot promise to become a religious man, but I will try to do so. I cannot promise to make myself worthy of you; but if I fail, the fault shall not be mine. You must direct me."

Nancy trembled so that for several moments she could scarcely speak.

"Kit," she faltered at last, "you will not fail. God never hides His face from those who seek Him in earnestness and humility. It is not a poor, ignorant, sinful creature like myself that can instruct you. The teaching must come from on high. And it will come," she added, fervently, "to bless and reward you."

"But you have not answered my question yet, Nancy."

"Question?"

"Whether I may accompany you or not."

Without an instant's hesitation she placed her arm in his, and they walked on silently together, the feelings of the young man deeply touched by the interview she had displayed in his welfare, and the heart of the poor seamstress full of joy at the all but unopened chance.

There was something touching, in the quiet earnestness with which she watched him during the service, and pointed out the collect and lessons of the day. His manner was respectful and attentive. It was all she could desire. Any appearance of profound devotion might have caused her to question his sincerity, and create doubt whether he was acting a part or not.

"He will never deceive me," she thought; "the seed is sown, and in due time will bring forth fruit."

They walked home together, and in the afternoon her lover joined her on her way to the church again.

"It is the happiest, the very happiest day of my life," said Nancy, as she related to Miss Cheerly what had occurred; "and yet I fear I was not half so attentive to the clergyman as I ought to have been. My prayers were so broken by grateful thoughts that would intrude despite of me."

"Gratitude," observed the orphan, "is prayer. It is the incense of the heart; and the more humble the altar from which it rises, the more acceptable the offering. You are a dear, good girl," she added, kissing her affectionately. "May my heart ever remain pure as yours!"

"O Miss Cheerly! You to mock me!" exclaimed Nancy, "by such praise. Why, I have not a single merit, beyond patience and a little share of common sense, perhaps."

Patience and common sense! How often do we find the world underrating them! and yet they have achieved more solid triumphs than the most brilliant genius. Their possessors cannot be too grateful.

From that important day the doubt which clouded the prospects of the poor seamstress gradually dispersed, and she saw her future path of life dimly but not menacingly before her. If it did not promise to be all sunshine, there were sufficient of its rays to whisper hope—humanity's fast friend; and happy indeed are those whom it quits not at the grave.

CHAPTER XII.

He that has nature in him must be grateful:

"Tis the Creator's primary great law.

That links the chain of beings to each other.—MADDEN.

THE promise of the surgeon did not prove a vain one, for in less than three days William Franklin, or Will of the Belt, as he was called, was not only able to quit his chamber, but ready, as he declared, if necessary, to stand another tussle in defence of his new friends, should they require his services.

The delight of the honest fellow was unbounded at the idea of having protected his landlord against the cowardly attacks of Dobson and the miners; and it was predicted, when the affair was discussed, as it duly was every night for a week at least at the inn in Alston Moor, that he would reap his reward.

Baines trembled for his promised lease of the Lock farm, which, as our readers are aware, the grandfather of Will had been unjustly deprived of.

"Well, my excellent friend, what can I do for you?" demanded Harry Burg, at the same time shaking him cordially by the hand, as the yeoman, accompanied by his widowed mother, sought him in the library to take their leave.

"I can't tell, your honor," he replied, with an embarrassed air. "It's not much beyond wrestling or a bout of single-stick that I am fit for."

"Oh, Willie, dinna say that," exclaimed his parent, anxiously. "Ye can plough a furrow as straight as e'er a lad in the county, when ye ha' the mind."

"It is a farm, then, that would suit you," observed Harold Tracy.

"Maybe it would, sir," he answered; "but it requires a great deal of moe ney to take a farm in these times, and I am not rich."

"Whist! Willie," interrupted the widow. "Haven't I three hundred pounds besides the cottage and garden, and arn't you my only son?"

"I tell you no!" exclaimed the young man, emphatically. "I'll not touch a penny of it; I'll not risk the bread of your old age. I am strong, and can fight my way through the world; but I should never forgive myself if my gray hairs were brought to want."

"Self-willed!" muttered the woman; "always was from a child. He might have had one of Colonel Beaumont's farms a year syne, and I was ready and willing to pay the money down, but he refused it."

The latter part of her speech was addressed to the two friends, in the hope, perhaps, that their expostulations might reason her son out of what she considered a foolish resolution; but which Harry and Harold both considered a praiseworthy one.

"I believe, Mrs. Franklin," observed the former, "that your father was many years the tenant of the Lock Farm?"

"He was, sir," replied the widow; "and it broke his heart when he was turned out of it. But he paid every shilling of his rent," she added, proudly. "Neither his landlord, nor any other man, lost a farthing by him."

"And why was it taken from him?" demanded Harry.

"It's a long story, sir, and a sad one."

"Sit down and tell it, then, whilst I have time to listen to you," replied the gentleman. "If injustice has been done—although too late to remedy it as far as your father is concerned—I may, at least, repair it to his descendants."

The woman evidently felt embarrassed and hesitated.

"Speak out, mother," exclaimed William; "we have nothing to be ashamed of." An assertion which his hearers readily believed.

"If you please, sir, it was all through me," said the dame, coloring slightly.

"The steward, Mr. Shape, wanted to marry me, and——and——"

"You refused him," observed Harry.

"Yes, sir. I was engaged to my cousin, Willie's father, and would not have broken faith with him to have been made the mistress of Burg Hall. It is true, we saw evil days together, but we also passed bright and happy ones. He was a kind, good husband, one any woman might feel proud of. It was a sad day when I lost him."

"Don't cry, mother, don't cry," whispered her son, at the same time kissing away her tears. "It will all come out one day."

"He was murdered, squire," continued the young man, anxious to spare the widow the pain of relating her grief—"found dead near the old shaft, where we had a scrimmage with the miners. I was a boy at the time, but I have never forgotten the sight, nor ever shall."

"And was it never known by whom?" inquired our hero.

"Never, sir."

"Or suspected?"

"We have no right to suspect any one," replied the widow; "but we can't help our thoughts. Well, gentlemen," she continued, "about a year after my poor husband's death, Mr. Shape again made me an offer of marriage, but, somehow or other, I felt a greater dislike to him than ever. Willie could not endure the sight of him; so I refused him again, and he never forgave it."

"But how about the Lock Farm, dame?" said Harry Burg, wishing to divert her mind from dwelling on the most painful portion of her past life.

"It was in that, sir, the steward showed his resentment; for when the lease expired, my father, who had spent large sums on the promise of its renewal, was turned out without a moment's warning. He appealed to your uncle in vain. It appeared the squire either did not dare or wish to interfere

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GOV. A. H. REEDER, OF KANSAS.

After the organization of Kansas Territory by the Federal Government, President Pierce appointed Hon. A. H. Reeder, of Pennsylvania, Governor of the Territory. The selection was looked upon as eminently fit in every respect, and it was anticipated, when the "Kansas troubles" began, that the proper man was at the head of affairs. It is impossible, amid the excitement created by conflicting accounts, to judge clearly and justly of Gov. Reeder's conduct. To his signature were the members of the Territorial Legislature indebted for their official existence, and while he ignored them in their legislative capacity, he yet acknowledged them as individual members. To this unhappy circumstance, we think, is to be placed much of the unfortunate excitement which has existed in the Territory—for the American people are law-abiding and respect legal authority until it is legally repealed, even if it be against their wishes and interests. It soon became apparent that Gov. Reeder was not sympathized with by the Federal Government, and his removal from his position was not unexpected by those who even carelessly noticed passing events. From this time forward Gov. Reeder became identified with the "Free State men," was their chief adviser, and was elected to Congress against Whitfield, the "law and order" candidate of the Territory. The debate in Congress on the admission of the Kansas delegate, makes it unnecessary to refer to the subject in this brief sketch. Whatever popularity Gov. Reeder has attained, has been connected with Kansas, but from the current events it would seem that he is not destined to stamp his character upon the rising State. Leaving the Territory at the time the Free State men were being arrested and imprisoned, he evidently lost standing with the settlers themselves; and, once out of office and out of power, he has gradually become lost in the sweep of events—yet probably destined to rise again in popular favor when Kansas shall become a sovereign State and cease to be dependent upon the central Government for money and rulers. Throughout the recent Presidential contest, Gov. Reeder made many speeches upon matters and things in Kansas, which had a favorable effect upon the Republican cause; but, we believe, Gov. Reeder has never abandoned his connection with the Democratic party. Gov. Reeder is now in the prime of life, possesses a fine personal appearance, is deservedly popular with all who know him, and is esteemed an honest and straightforward man. Our portrait, which from an unavoidable accident was delayed from earlier publication, will have an interest just at this time, from the fact that when the "Free State men" of Kansas learned that the present session of Congress admitted General Whitfield to a seat in the House, they immediately forwarded a petition, asking that Gov. Reeder should be honored as the representative instead of Gen. Whitfield. The following facts are from a reliable source:

Andrew H. Reeder was first known to the public as a lawyer of Easton, Pennsylvania, in which town, we believe, he was born some fifty years ago. He was a Democrat in politics, of the school distinguished by devotion to the fortunes of Mr. Buchanan, and, as such, was selected for first Territorial Governor of Kansas, on the solicitation of Mr. Buchanan's intimate friends. He went to Kansas determined to please all sides, but failed, and at length found himself engaged in a violent quarrel with the Pro-Slavery party. President Pierce at first seemed disposed to sustain, but ultimately removed him, on a charge of speculating in Indian lands. He soon after embarked heartily in the Free State movement, and was chosen delegate to Congress by his fellow partisans. Congress ejected Whitfield from the seat, but refused to admit Reeder, who was in like manner chosen a U. S. Senator by the Free State Legislature, but the Senate refused to accept the Topeka Constitution or recognize Kansas as a State. He has since been active as a member of the National Kansas Committee, and now claims to have been again chosen delegate to Congress by the Free State party.



GOV. A. H. REEDER, OF KANSAS.
FROM AN AMBROTYPE TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR THIS PAPER.

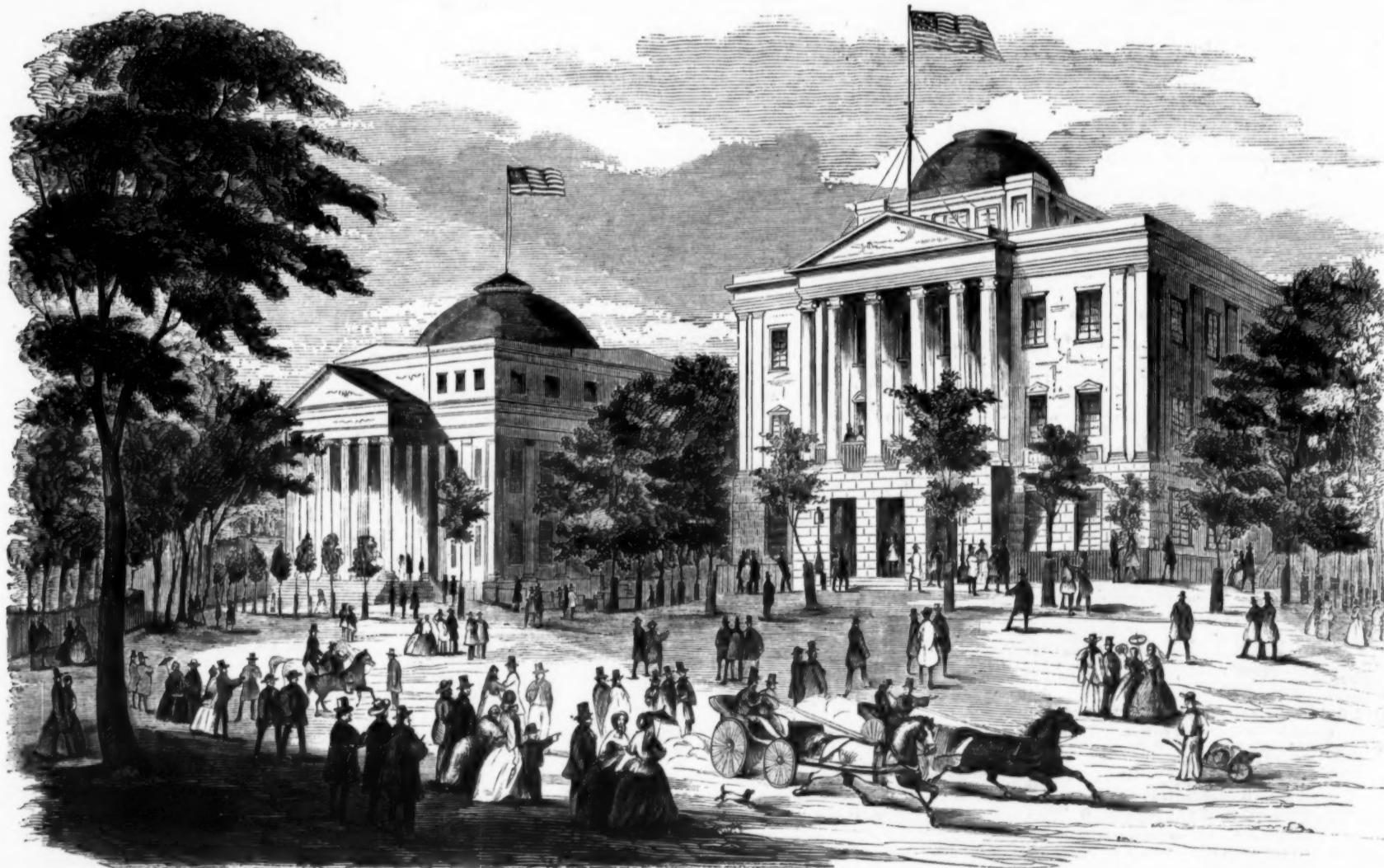
"CITY HALL" AND "STATE HOUSE," ALBANY, NEW YORK.

We have in previous numbers given several views connected with the thriving capital of New York, including streets, public buildings, and the canal basins. We present at this time a very attractive picture, representing the "City Hall" and the large building called the "State House," in contradistinction to the more current pile known as "the Capitol." The City Hall of Albany is a commodious and pleasantly situated edifice, from the top of which can be seen the entire surrounding country. The rooms are commodious, and we believe it is considered one of the most perfect municipal halls in the country. "The State House" was originated from the necessity of having more room than the "Capitol" building afforded for State records, archives, and State offices, &c. What should really have been contained under one roof, and within the walls of one entire and magnificent structure, is divided up, so that the Empire State to-day, all things considered, has the least commodious and least attractive "Capitol" of any State in the Union. We suppose this is somewhat explainable on the ground that there has existed for many years a desire to remove the seat of

INVOLUNTARY SUICIDE.—On Saturday night two free colored men who had been employed during the day to open oysters on a schooner, in the Dock, went into the hold or cabin of the vessel, and kindled a fire with charcoal. The hatches being closed, there was not sufficient ventilation to carry off the noxious gasses of the burning charcoal, and the consequence was, that the two men were prostrated with asphyxia. One of them fell with his face upon the fire, and being in a state of insensibility, met with a horrible death, his face and head being literally roasted before his condition was discovered. The other man was resuscitated with much difficulty, and at last accounts was in a fair way to recover.

AMUSING INCIDENT.—At the Howard Atheneum, Boston, a few evenings since, a live gander, which was one of the principal actors in the piece, got restive under stage discipline, and took to himself wings, flying out among the audience in the parquette, causing no little fluttering among those with whom he took up his quarters. The histrionic bird was soon again secured, and all matters proceeded as before.

VALUE OF LIFE.—An adventurer, writing from California, says: "A man's life here is worth about fifty cents on the dollar."



THE "CITY HALL" AND "STATE HOUSE," ALBANY, NEW YORK.

government to a more central position, and this "under current" has had the effect to render proper appropriations for a building such as the State demands impossible to obtain.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.—The New York *Commercial Advertiser* tells the following incident: Last fall, a woman residing in the vicinity of Worcester was picking blackberries in a field near the house, having with her only child, a bright-eyed little fellow of less than a year old. The babe sat upon the ground amusing itself with grasping at clumps of yellow weed that grew within reach, and eating berries brought him from time to time by his mother. The latter, at length, intent upon gathering the fine fruit, passed around a rock which hid her child from her view. She was about to return to him, when, hearing him laughing and crowing in great glee, and thinking he must be safe as long as he was so happy, she remained a little longer where she was. Suddenly the little voice ceased, and after a moment's delay, the young mother stepped upon the rock, and looked over expecting to see her babe asleep; instead of which, he was sitting perfectly motionless, his lips parted, and his wide, open eyes fixed with a singular expression upon some object which at first she was unable to discern. Yet who can judge of her horror when, on closer scrutiny, she perceived, some four or five feet from her infant, a rattlesnake, with his glittering eyes fastened upon his, and nearing him by an almost imperceptible motion. The sight of her darling's peril so nearly paralyzed her, that for an instant she half believed that dreadful fascination had extended to herself; but the certainty that, unless she was the instrument of salvation to her child, he was inevitably lost, in some degree restored her power. She glanced wildly round for something that might be used as a weapon, but nothing appeared, and already the venomous reptile had passed over half the space which divided him and his victim. Another moment and all would be lost! What could be done? In her hand she held a broad tin pan, and, springing from the rock, quick as thought she covered the snake with it, and stood upon it to prevent its escape. The charm was broken—the child moved, swayed to one side, and began to sob. At the same time the mother recovered her voice and screamed for aid, retaining her position until it arrived, when the cause of her terrible fright was dispatched.

OMINOUS.—The names of five of the leading Unitarian clergymen in and about New York are rather ominous for superstitious minds—Furniss, Coles, Bellows, Blase and Burnham. The only antidote they ever had was Dewey, who came after Sparks, and he has passed through this fiery ordeal and evaporates, though, we ought not to forget that he has left a successor quite Osgood.